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CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND.

CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND.



THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND

BY
W. C. E. NEWBOLT, D. D.
CANON OF ST. PAUL'S
And Others

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ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

IF there is one architectural object which more than another has succeeded in giving a character to the City of London, it is the dome of St. Paul's. We associate it with London in pictures; "within sight of the dome of St. Paul's" almost ranks with "within sound of Bow Bells," as delimiting Cockneydom. And as the visitor walks down the splendid Victoria Embankment, or threads his way eastward through the intricacies of the Strand and Fleet Street, it towers before him, now apparently on the Surrey side of the river, now straight in front of him, now bursting up behind unsuspected corners. Certainly, Sir Christopher Wren accurately caught the spirit of London, the genius of its streets, and the *ethos* of its traffic when he set the cross on top of the dome, as majestic as a cupola, and as graceful as a spire.

And yet when the stranger has climbed the broad flight of steps, so curiously set askew to the grand ascent of Ludgate Hill, as he pushes open the little swing door and finds himself inside a somewhat dark

and dingy building, with circular windows innocent of tracery, flat pilasters, transverse beams of stone, with the general feeling of squareness and flatness, relieved, as Ruskin contemptuously says, with strings of Ribston pippins carved in stone, and innumerable cherubim, straight, as it were, from the tombstones of a graveyard—as he gazes with eyes still full of impressions derived from Westminster Abbey, and the Gothic queens of beauty which adorn our land—he is disappointed, he must own it; he almost wishes he had continued to admire it from the outside; his ideal is shattered.

Here at once it is necessary to ask the visitor resolutely to close his eyes to Gothic architecture in all its beauty, and to remember that he is studying an example of what is called classical architecture, which, as regards the exterior at all events, is considered a masterpiece; while as to the interior, if there is a confusion of classical and Gothic, that is, of classical forms with Gothic feeling, we must remember that Wren was coerced out of his own better judgment, "to reconcile," according to his own words, "the Gothic to a better manner of architecture." And, accordingly, if the visitor will take his stand inside the western door, and, gazing around him, let the majestic proportions of the building enter into his soul, he will find a grandeur and a magnificence in the spacious open vista, to which Gothic architecture with all its splendid and minute detail is sometimes a stranger.





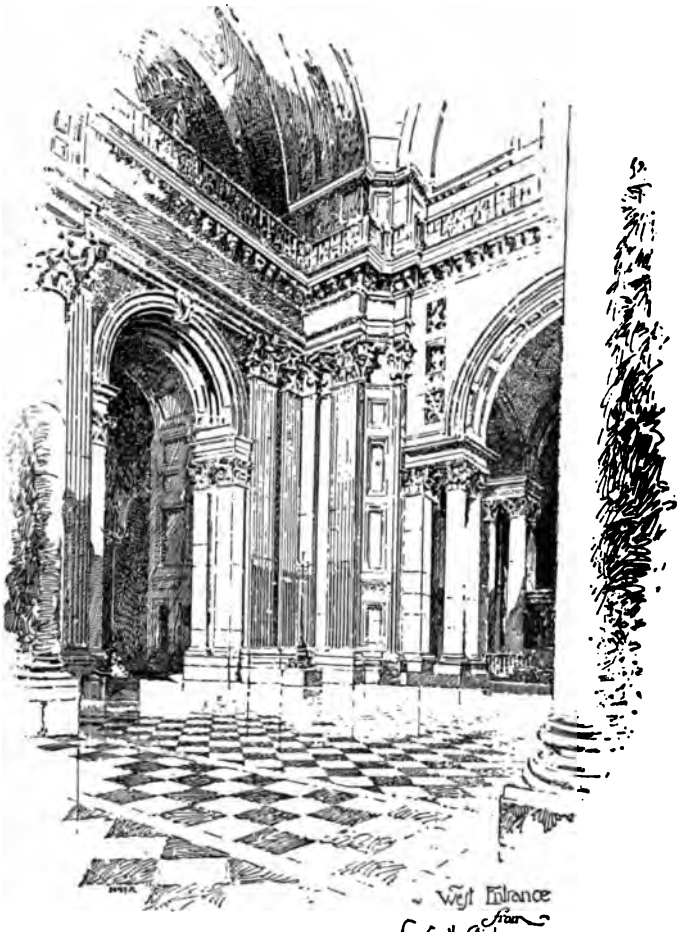
Before we proceed to examine the many objects of interest and beauty to be found in the Cathedral, it may be desirable to take a rapid survey of the events which resulted in the existence of St. Paul's as we now see it.

Far back in the Saxon days of the seventh century there was on this site a cathedral which, in the end of the eleventh century, perished by the foe which has so often proved deadly to St. Paul's—fire. This was succeeded by the building known familiarly as Old St. Paul's, traces of which may be seen at the extreme east end, under the pavement of the churchyard, and on the south side amidst the grass beds of the south garden. This was longer and narrower than the present building, and was surmounted by a tall spire the height of which—489 feet—would roughly correspond to the "Monument" set on top of the present dome. This spire was destroyed by lightning in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and was never restored; while the whole building was much disfigured by incongruous alterations, and additions from the designs of Inigo Jones in the days of Charles I.; until the same enemy which was fatal to the first cathedral destroyed the second, and in the great fire which devastated London in 1666 St. Paul's became a complete ruin.

Only a short time elapsed before Wren was set to work to prepare designs for a new building, when restoration was found to be impossible. A phœnix carved in stone over the south transept porch is supposed to have been put there by the great architect

as a memento of an incident which occurred to him as he was measuring out his new building. Having sent for a fragment of stone for the above purpose, one was brought to him on which was inscribed the word "*Resurgam*," which Wren regarded as a happy omen for his new work. It is only necessary to add further that, in spite of much thwarting and opposition, he lived to execute his design, and St. Paul's has this almost unique, if not quite unique privilege, that it was built under one architect, under the direction of one master mason (Strong), in the episcopate of one Bishop (Compton), in the short space of twenty-two years.

We will now turn to look at the Cathedral in its detail, and at some of the treasures which it contains. Starting from the west end, we find on the north and south two spacious chapels. That on the south, which is entered through a fine screen, is used for the Consistory Court of the Bishop of London, and until quite recently was almost filled by the tomb of the Duke of Wellington, which we shall look at later on in the new site, where it has been placed with great advantage to its beauty. Since its removal the chapel has been converted into a baptistery, and contains the large classical marble font, deprived, however, of its ponderous and impracticable cover, and is used from time to time for baptisms in the families of those connected with the Cathedral. Here is also a fine window by Mr. Kempe, in memory of Archdeacon Hessey.



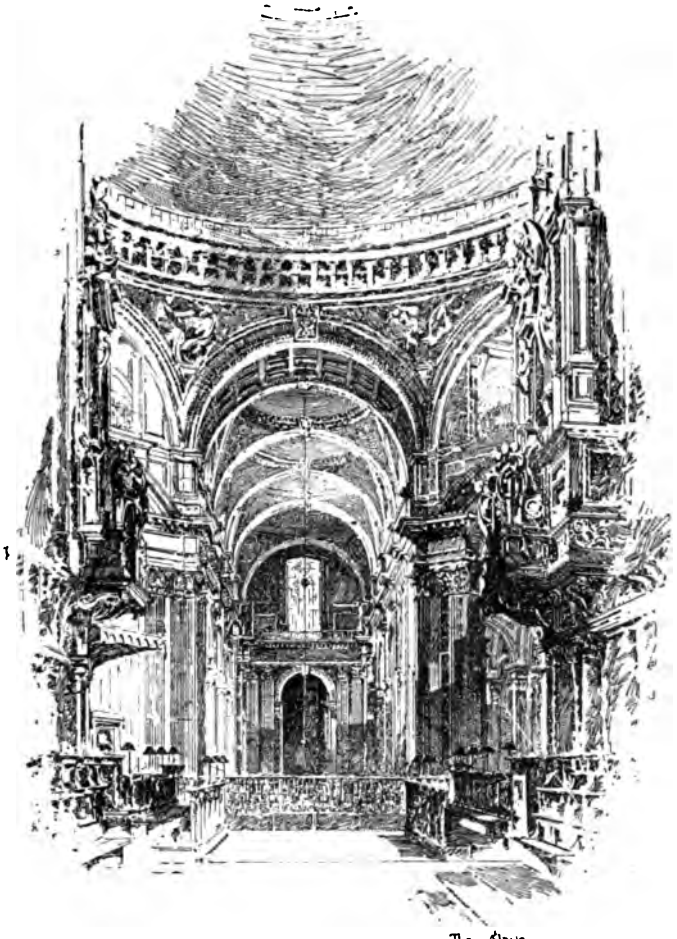
West Entrance
from
South Aisle.

Passing over to the corresponding chapel on the north side, we enter through another very handsome wooden screen into what is generally known by the somewhat meaningless appellation of the Morning Chapel. This chapel is in constant use for the daily and early Sunday celebrations, for midday and night services, for lectures and devotional meetings; in fact for any religious purpose for which the great area of the dome or the large space of the choir would be unsuitable. We may notice an adaptation of one of Raphael's frescoes in mosaic over the altar, by Messrs. Powell, and another mosaic at the west end, in memory of Archdeacon Hale. The solitary window in the chapel is filled with glass in memory of Dean Mansel, where we may detect in the inscription the somewhat unusual, but to those who knew Dean Mansel most appropriate allusion to the *hilaritas indolis ejus*, for he was eminently one who knew the true value of Bishop Hackett's well-known precept, "Serve God and be cheerful."

Passing out into the nave we are struck by the curious semi-circular recesses which break up the aisles on each side. Tradition has it that these were inserted in the plan through the earnest importunity of James II., who looked forward to the time when he might convert them into lines of chapels. At present they are filled with a strange collection of tombs, some of them absolutely ludicrous, few of any artistic merit, and yet enshrining the memory of great heroes, and eloquent of the importance attached to

the mighty European struggle in which England played so conspicuous a part, at the end of the last and the begining of the present century. These tombs are continued round the transept aisles, and are disfigured, many of them, by the extraordinary taste of the period when they were erected, which revelled in gods and goddesses, naked heroes, winged Victories, and other Pagan symbols. These tell their own tale in pompous epitaph, and we need not weary the reader in describing them.

Out of the general number we would select a few, which may well claim our momentary attention. First of all, the monument to the memory of the Duke of Wellington, by Stevens, although still waiting for its completion, is well worthy of a careful inspection. Taken out of the chapel where it was impossible to see its full merits, it now, under the arch of the second bay of the nave at the north side, adds greatly to the general beauty of the Cathedral. We notice the vigorous allegorical figures at the side, Bravery trampling down Cowardice, and Truth plucking the tongue from Falsehood; and the dignified pose of the recumbent hero beneath his canopy of state. One unfortunate result of moving the tomb has been to divorce it from the mural decorations in marble, which really form part of the design of the monument, and still remain on the walls of the south-west chapel, where it used to stand. While we are looking at Wellington's tomb, by simply turning round, we find ourselves face to face with Boehm's



The Nave from the Choir

fine cenotaph to the memory of General Gordon. There are few tombs so honoured in the Cathedral as this; seldom a day passes in which no flowers or tokens of respect are laid on the resting soldier, oftentimes they are clearly the offerings of quite poor people. This is the tomb that Li-Hung-Chang visited with every token of affection in August, 1896, and decorated with magnificent wreaths.

As we go on we may pause a moment to read the inscription on brass commemorating the loss of H.M.S. *Captain*, which foundered at sea in 1870, with the inventor of turret ships, Captain Cooper Coles, aboard. The inscription, besides recounting this terrible calamity, emphasises the importance of little things, when it points out that the cause of the disaster is to be attributed to an error of two feet in her design. Noticing as we pass Marochetti's angels guarding the somewhat fantastic tomb of Lord Melbourne, we stop at the vestibule as it were of the dome, by the entrance to the Lord Mayor's vestry, to read the names of the Deans of St. Paul's who have held that office since the Norman Conquest, inscribed on slabs of alabaster. There are some notable names among them, for instance, Colet, Sancroft, Joseph Butler, and, not least, the present Dean Gregory, to whom St. Paul's owes so very much of her revived life and efficiency as the Cathedral of the metropolis.

At this point it will be convenient to cross over the nave to the corresponding aisle on the south side,

which will enable us to complete our survey of the western division of the building. There is nothing to look at, rather the reverse, in the monuments to the west of us; they are executed in the worst taste, and are more ludicrous than edifying; we will therefore confine our attention to the four alabaster slabs which, in a corresponding position to that devoted to the Deans, carry the names of the Bishops of London from Restitutus, bishop in the year 314 A.D., down to Mandell Creighton, bishop in 1897. The list is a very remarkable one, not only in the names of distinguished men which it contains, but also for its suggestiveness and historical value. This is no church of yesterday or foundation of three hundred years' growth, which can boast of a bishop at the Council of Arles in the fourth century. Mellitus in 604 carries our minds back to St. Augustine, to St. Gregory and the Angles in the slave market. St. Erkenwald recalls to us the wealthy shrine of this once-popular saint. St. Dunstan recalls the vigorous ecclesiastic of the tenth century. The troublous times of the Reformation are visible in the double record of Bonner, with Ridley's name interposed, in the years 1540—1553. Here is the honoured name of William Laud, and also of Juxon, who stood on the scaffold with Charles I. Here is Compton, whose name is inseparably associated with the present building, and a quartette of bishops famous and familiar to this generation, Blomfield, Tait, Jackson, and Temple. It is surprising to see how much

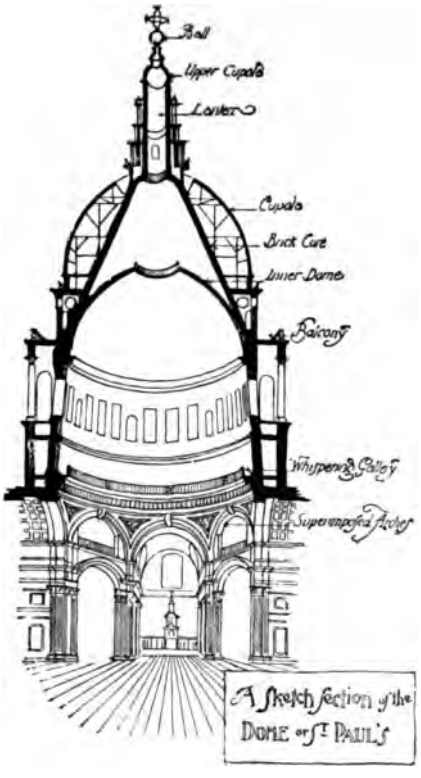

St Pauls

"It is a shell of a different form from the outer structure, with a brick cone between it and the outer skin." In one sense there are three coverings, in varying heights, one above another; above which again are the lantern, the upper cupola, the gilt cross and ball. As we look round this splendid feature of Wren's great building, we cannot fail to be struck with a similarity of feeling and arrangement between this wide open space with its soaring roof, and that which is the glory of Gothic Ely, its magnificent lantern. Indeed, there is a tradition that Wren drew in the inspiration of this part of his work from his acquaintance with the lovely cathedral of the Fens, of which his uncle, Matthew Wren, was bishop, and which he himself, if truth must be told, sadly disfigured by his attempts at Gothic and incongruous classic insertions, which may be seen at the present day.

As we look up into this inner dome we catch a glimpse, through the misty gloom which seldom seems to be absent, of the paintings executed by Sir James Thornhill, contrary to Wren's wishes, in monochrome. They are dark and dingy, but not without vigour and boldness of design, and represent scenes from the life of St. Paul, broken up by heavy architectural ornaments. At one time there was a scheme for superseding these with more modern paintings, which, happily, was never carried out. Those who penetrate the inner recesses of the Cathedral will come across designs of Lord Leighton and others now

idly decorating a blank wall, which were originally submitted for the purpose. Apart from the objection there would be to destroying history, it must be felt that any attempt at decoration at this great height, and under the atmospheric conditions which prevail, would be money thrown away, and possibly a loss of mystery and elevation in the feeling of the dome as an architectural feature. As we bring our eyes down from the dusky surface of Thornhill's pictures, we notice between the thirty-two Corinthian pilasters which surround the inner space, in the intervals not pierced by windows, eight large images, which have been lately put in position, representing the four Western and the four Eastern doctors of the Church —St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, St. Jerome, St. Gregory; and St. Chrysostom, St. Gregory, St. Basil, St. Athanasius. These are strongly held in position, as they, not only in appearance, but in reality, slightly bend over the area beneath. Underneath them is the drum, at present bare, but shortly, it is to be hoped, to be bright with mosaic, offering as it does quite the most prominent field for decoration in the church. Below this again is the far-famed Whispering Gallery, which is said to owe its magical properties to the accident of its construction, not to design. Below this once more are the first attempts at colour decoration in the spandrels, executed by Salviati from designs by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., and others. They represent the four evangelists and the four greater prophets, treated in a flowing, somewhat





interest is manifested in this simple list by people who pause to read it, as they pass backwards and forwards, or take the favourite climb to the upper galleries through the door on the right.

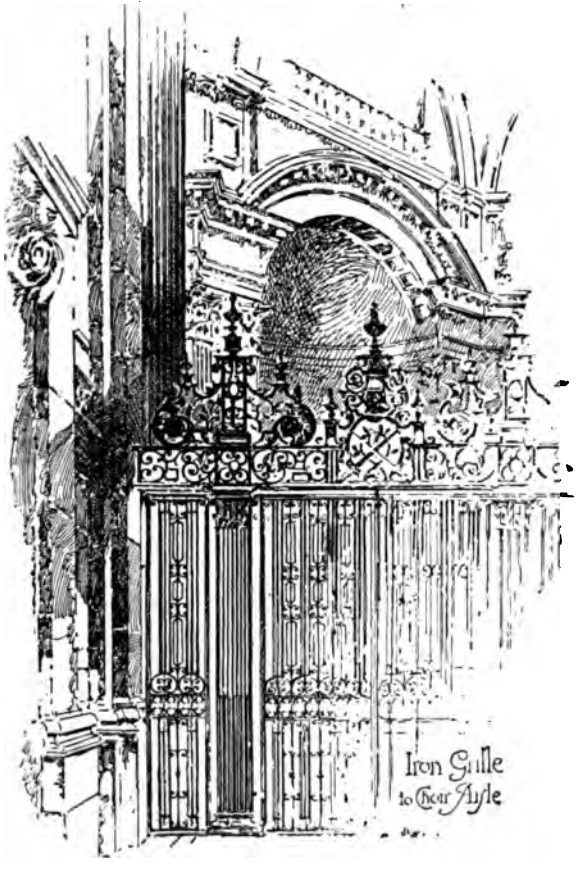
Going on eastward we stand and look up into the dome. This is not the actual lining of the external dome, as many are disposed to think at first sight.

The dome never looks so magnificent as when it is filled with huge congregations which assemble here at the services on Sundays and other days. Few clergy can look unmoved from the marble pulpit at the sea of heads which reaches right away into the nave and transepts, and brings out the vast scale of the building, which its exquisite proportions tend to conceal.

Passing through the south transept aisle we notice in front of us a window by Mr. Kempe, put in to commemorate the recovery of the Prince of Wales and his thanksgiving at St. Paul's in 1872, the subject chosen being "the Raising of the Widow's Son." Here in corners and nooks we come across single statues of heroes and distinguished men, and groups of allegorical figures, the most conspicuous being Nelson and Cornwallis. Here we find John Howard with his prison key, flanked on the opposite side of the dome by a half-clothed figure of Dr. Johnson, which legend reports to have been mistaken for images of St. Peter and St. Paul. Leaving this unworthy collection of monuments, albeit to the memory of some of our greatest men, we pass through one of the beautiful screens of ironwork in which the Cathedral is so rich, and enter the south choir aisle, close by the door of the Dean's Vestry. There are several objects of interest to detain us as we pass along the back of the magnificent stall-work, which supports a gallery on the top. This gallery is sometimes utilised for orchestral services, or is filled with the overflow

of the congregation on great occasions, musical and otherwise.

The stalls and their appendages, however, will be better examined presently from the floor of the choir; let us now look at the different objects ranged along the south wall. Here is a small collection of relics from Jerusalem, including a fragment from Herod's Temple, and a piece of carved stone from the Holy City, tesselated pavement from the same city and a small piece of stone from Mount Calvary. The monuments of ecclesiastics are also for the most part of a much more worthy character than those in the nave. Here we see the marked personality of Dean Milman; the elder Mr. Richmond's portraiture of Bishop Blomfield. Here Woolner has produced a painful, deathlike representation of Bishop Jackson, and Heber's kneeling figure executed by Chantrey is now turned towards the sanctuary. But perhaps in some ways the most interesting tomb in all the Cathedral is the strange weird figure set in the wall, whose position, however, renders inaccurate the concluding line of the Latin inscription: "Here, though set in dust, he beholdeth Him whose name is the Rising." It is Donne, the poet dean, who presided over the Cathedral from 1621 to 1631. Hare, in his "Walks about London," describes the incident of the dean sitting for his portrait dressed in his shroud, which he preserved afterwards as a grim "*memento mori*," and which was eventually worked into the design of his tomb. He now appears before



Iron Grille
to Choir Aisle

us in his grave-clothes curiously gathered up into a sort of crown, rising from an urn, which poetically contains his ashes. Not the least interesting point in this tomb is to notice on the white marble the evident marks of fire, which show it to have stood the ordeal of the great catastrophe of 1666. This is the only tomb out of Old St. Paul's which is anything like intact. There are some few headless or legless remains gathered in the crypt, and set as decently as possible on stone bases. Yet of the bishops and distinguished men once commemorated here, all memorial has perished; Erkenwald with his famous shrine, Duke Humphrey, Deans Colet and Nowell, Vandyke, Sir Philip Sidney, and many more, are, as far as their tombs are concerned, as if they had never been. However much the fire may have to answer for, we fear the want of piety towards the past must have even more laid to its account. Certainly a clean sweep of history such as that which has taken place in St. Paul's, whatever be the cause, is much to be deplored.

We stand now, before we enter the choir, to examine thoroughly the magnificent gates which shut in on either side the north and south bays of the sanctuary. These are partly old and partly new; that is to say, the original gates by Tijou, which once stood across the choir surmounted by the organ, have been readapted, reproduced, and reset in gilded frames, from the design of Messrs. Bodley & Garner, executed by Messrs. Barkentin & Krall. The exquisite lace-like

work is well worthy of a careful examination, while a curious fact may be told about their modern adaptation. It became, as we have indicated, necessary to enlarge the gates for their present position, and to reproduce a whole valve on each side. At first this presented great difficulty by reason of the constant splitting of the foliated parts. A reference to old records, however, showed that the original gates were made of charcoal-smelted iron (the last iron used out of the Sussex Weald), and iron smelted in this way was accordingly procured from Norway, and the difficulty vanished. This may fairly rank with the two-feet error in the ship *Captain* described above, as illustrating the importance of little things, when we see a great artistic difficulty surmounted by a piece of charcoal.

Passing through the gate on the southern side, we find ourselves in the choir immediately in front of the altar. Here we cannot fail to be struck with the exceeding beauty and magnificence all around us. The choir of St. Paul's only needs one thing to make it perhaps the most beautiful work of its kind in the world; and that, alas! neither money nor skill can command. Were there only sunlight, such sunlight as we do get at rare intervals in the murky atmosphere of London, the blaze of colour and the exceeding wealth of design would be quite dazzling. As it is, we must follow its beauties as best we may, and if we are favoured with a bright day be thankful; if not, at least try to appreciate the artistic excellences which are so lavishly displayed around us.



It will be convenient first to study carefully the reredos, which was erected in 1888 from the designs of Messrs. Bodley & Garner. A good deal of oppo-

sition was aroused at the time against this magnificent design, chiefly on doctrinal grounds, largely arising from unjust suspicions and supposed idolatrous emblems which in reality found no place in the work. When we remember that the east window, which the reredos superseded, and which is now in the south transept, represented in even a more realistic way the same subject of the Crucifixion, we can see how unreasonable the opposition really was; while the objection to another figure on the reredos arose from descriptions of the group which had no foundation in fact, and were only the product of a heated imagination. Whatever we may think of the reredos doctrinally and artistically, there is no doubt that it is full of teaching in a building where some of the poorest and most ignorant habitually assemble for warmth and shelter; who need something striking and appealing to remind them of a Saviour who died to save them, and who loves them still in all their waywardness and sorrow.

The text of the sermon which the reredos is meant to teach is carved in gilt bronze letters across a frieze of rosso-antico—*Sic Deus dilexit mundum*—"So God loved the world." Here is set forth the great love of God in the Incarnation and the Atonement.

Accordingly a glance right and left at the two extreme columns of the colonnade which leads up to the centre piece will show us on the north the angel Gabriel, on the south the Blessed Virgin; the two together forming the opening mystery, as it were, of

the Annunciation. Looking upwards to the top of the central structure, we see a figure of our risen Lord, who has triumphed over death; underneath is the Holy Child in His mother's arms; on the right and left are St. Paul and St. Peter, who, generally associated together as they are, in dedications and otherwise, would, it is thought, with greater propriety have been separated in this particular case—as St. Paul is represented in London by his own cathedral, and St. Peter by his abbey at Westminster. There is a traditional use about these things which in this particular has been departed from. Coming to the central panel, we see a representation of the Crucifixion, with a group of figures round the cross, while beneath there are three panel subjects in low relief, representing the Nativity, the Entombment, and the Resurrection, separated by figures of angels bearing the instruments of the Passion. Beneath again there is a solid basement, pierced north and south with doors, closed with gates of light brass. The one surmounted with "*Vas Electionis*"—"The chosen vessel" of St. Paul; the other with "*Pasce oves meos*"—"Feed my sheep" of St. Peter. The whole structure is about seventy feet high, of white Parian marble, with an addition of colour gained by the use of various slabs and bands of different hues, rosso-antico, verde di Prato, and Brescia marble, with a somewhat free use of gilding. The marble steps and pavement of the sanctuary form part of the same design, and are of great beauty and costliness.



The altar itself is of ebony and brass, recalling somewhat the treatment in Torregiano's masterpiece in Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster. The altar cross is also extremely magnificent, inlaid with *lapis lazuli* and precious stones, and the silver-gilt candlesticks are of beautiful design. If our visit takes

place at any of the great festivals, we must not fail to notice the elaborate needlework of the altar frontal, worked by the East Grinstead sisters, representing scenes in the life of St. Paul.

On the plane of the sanctuary stand two splendid reproductions of the copper candlesticks which a constant tradition says used to stand in Old St. Paul's. The originals, four in number, may be seen in the cathedral church of St. Bavon, in Ghent, to which they were sold in the days of the Commonwealth, for what they would fetch, to replenish the Exchequer. We should notice their elaborate workmanship, and the royal arms of England upon them, which goes to support an ingenious theory, which now seems fairly verified, that the original four candlesticks were included in a design made for his tomb by order of Henry VIII. by the Florentine Benedetto da Rovezzano, of which more will be said presently when we get into the crypt.

Here also are about to be placed two magnificent candelabra, if that is the right term, which will be used for gas or electric light, representing all the works of Creation, over which the light will burst out as from a rose of glory, to illuminate the sanctuary.

We shall now do well to examine the famous stall-work of Grinling Gibbons, perhaps the finest of its kind in the world; noticing the curious closets or pews behind; the two Bishops' seats, the Lord Mayor's seat, as one of the trustees of the Cathedral,

the splendid organ-case, and the by no means inferior modern work lately placed in the sanctuary.

But now it is time carefully to study the new mosaic work which, under the inspiring genius of Mr. Richmond, has at length wrought out the desire of Wren's heart, that St. Paul's should glow with colour, and that in imperishable mosaic. There is not space at our disposal to enter as fully as might be desired into the really great work which has been going on without interruption since 1891. Mr. W. B. Richmond started on the work with an enthusiasm for St. Paul's dating from childhood, a knowledge of Italian methods dating from his youth, and a special knowledge of the earlier methods studied at Ravenna. He has accordingly departed from the modern method, with which in England we have been lately familiarised —of a smooth surface, in which pictures are produced in mosaic as if they were painted on canvas— and has gone back to the rough, broad method, in which every cube is placed separately in the wall, care being taken so to arrange them that they shall catch the light, and be set in the manner which will most give depth and brilliancy. This method has been completely successful, and has resulted in an effect both splendid and artistic; while we have the satisfaction of knowing that every inch of the work has been done in London by English workmen, from the firm of Messrs. Powell at Whitefriars.

It is not a little difficult to describe so vast and so minute a work. The visitor will do well to take his

stand at the entrance gate of the choir, where it is entered from the nave, and look straight forward at the roof of the apse behind the reredos. There he will see a large figure of our blessed Lord in majesty, "*Rex tremendæ majestatis*," seated on the rainbow throne, supported on the wings of the wind, to judge all nations. On His right hand angels are steadfastly gazing into an unfolded scroll, in which are recorded the names of the blessed, whom others are welcoming to glory. On His left (the spectator's right) angels are looking into the same scroll in vain for the names of the lost, and others are waiting behind to punish and expel.

Coming forward from this, the eye passes along the magnificent sweep of the roof, with its three shallow saucer-domes, supported by angels in the pendentives, with appropriate inscriptions above and around them. In these three domes are three acts of Creation; the creation of birds in the easternmost, the creation of the fish and sea monsters in the centre, and the creation of the beasts in the westernmost, nearest to the great dome. These will repay a very careful inspection; they are full of detail and splendid colour, and, with the gold and red enrichment of the ribs and flat surfaces, give an effect of gorgeous and magnificent brilliancy. On each side, north and south, we see three bays all treated in a uniform manner, and all carrying out a continuous design. There is the arch, delicately picked out in colour; there are the spandrels over the arch; there

is the great cornice, brilliant in red and gold, enriching the white Portland stone. Above these are the panels of the triforium stage, ornamented with mosaic, and above them again a clerestory with flat panels on either side of the window, filled with large mosaic pictures. Beginning with the spandrels on the north-west, we have the Creation of Light and the Annunciation, balanced on the south by the Expulsion and the Fall. The spandrels north and south in the sanctuary are filled with warrior angels holding the emblems of the Passion. In the triforium panels, above the cornice, each bay is determined by the subject of the dome which surmounts it: Adam and Eve occupy the north and south, with animals around them; fish and sea monsters are in the centre; and peacocks under the cupola which carries the birds, while the different designs are separated by flowing arabesques, or, as in the apse, prolonged into symbolical figure subjects, which complete the scheme. In the large panels again on each side of the clerestory, taking those on the north, we have the indirect preparation for Christ's coming, Job and Abraham, Cyrus and Alexander, the Delphic and the Persian Sibyls; while on the south we have the different temple builders; Jacob beholding his vision of the house of God; Moses on Mount Sinai, seeing the pattern of the Tabernacle; Bezaleel and Aholiab; with Solomon and David to finish the line. The composition is bound together by texts which would need a long and careful study; while as a piece of

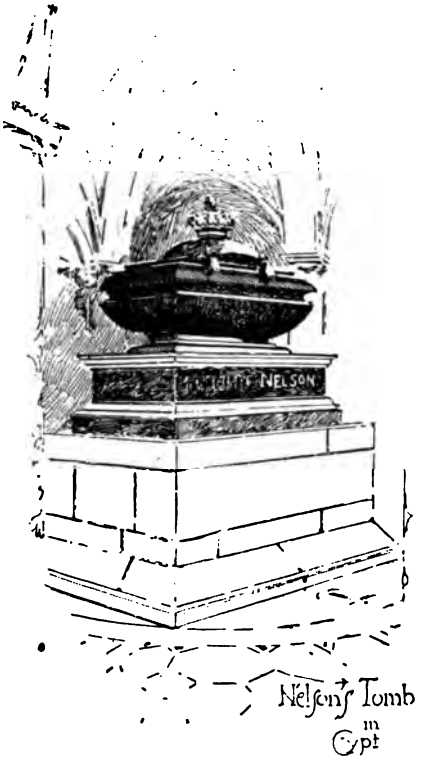
artistic work it stands almost unrivalled in church decoration. We should notice also the curiously designed windows, which are an attempt to solve the problem, with no slight degree of success, how to produce a beautiful scheme of colour, and yet not obscure the light of day, which is so scantily admitted in London under the most favourable circumstances.

Passing out through the north-eastern screen, we find ourselves in the choir aisle leading to the chapel behind the great reredos. This has lately been fitted up and decorated, and is now known as the Jesus Chapel. The three splendid windows by Mr. Kempe are all treated with this idea. The reredos, which consists of an adaptation of a picture by Cima in the National Gallery, is set in a marble framework, and is part of a memorial to Dr. Liddon, whose recumbent effigy rests on an artistic monument under the south wall of the apse. The inscription which runs round the plinth is of great beauty ; it is as follows : " Mementote fratres fratris in Christo Henrici Parry Liddon, ecclesiæ hujusce cathedralis canonici et cancellarii, animam ejus commendantes Domino quem fide constantissima Redemptorem atque Regem, Deum verum de Deo vero adoravit, dilexit, prædicavit, expectat nunc de cœlo rediturum. Decessit die ix Septembris, anno Domini MDCCCXCmo, ætatis suæ lxii."

It is time now to pass to the crypt and to the upper galleries of the Cathedral. The crypt is entered out of the south transept aisle, and the visitor finds

himself after descending a flight of steps in a spacious vaulted under-church, which in Old St. Paul's was known as the Church of St. Faith. One solitary portion of this old church of the crypt still remains beneath the level of the churchyard at the south-east of the Cathedral. It was here that during the Great Fire books and papers and valuables were stored out of reach, as it was fondly hoped, of the devouring flames—a hope, however, destined not to be realised, for the blaze consumed everything, and the ashes are said to have been wafted as far as Eton. At the extreme east end the Confraternity of Jesus used to meet in the Jesus chapel, and outside was the tower containing the Jesus bells, which are said to have been staked at dice and lost by Henry VIII. to Sir Giles Partridge. There are several tombs which may detain us for a moment as we pass along. We see on our left the memorial slab to Sir John Goss, with the first bars of the anthem which he composed for the Duke of Wellington's funeral inscribed upon it. The Transvaal and its ill-fated heroes are commemorated on a very poor brass. And Rennie, who built Waterloo and Southwark Bridges; Landseer; the special newspaper correspondents who fell in the Soudan campaign; Palmer, Charrington, and Gill, who were murdered in the Sinai Desert, all claim a passing notice, as we move on to the Painters' Corner.

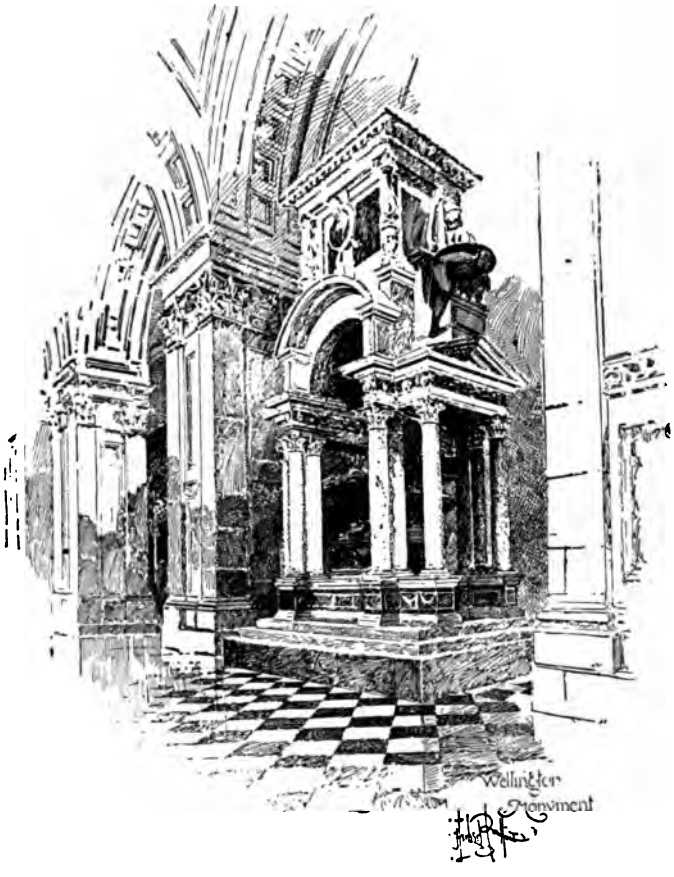
Here we notice the simple tomb of the great genius to whom the present St. Paul's owes its erection.



Sir Christopher Wren reposes under a plain slab bearing his name and age and his claims of honour. The advanced age to which he attained, in those troublous times and out of a much-thwarted life, shows a greatness of mind which could endure all and surmount all for ninety-one years. Above him is the original of the famous inscription, which also

reappears in the north transept: "*Lector, si monumentum requiris circumspice.*" Round him, or rather at his feet, head, and side, lie many distinguished men. Leighton and Millais are close behind him; then comes Turner, the prince of landscape painters, with his quaint personality and strange whims, now desiring that he should be wrapped in his "Carthage" as in a shroud, now desiring that his pictures should openly challenge comparison with those of Claude, and hoping that he might be buried near the great Sir Joshua Reynolds, from whom he is separated only by another grave. His, too, is an honoured name, the great portrait-painter, on whose canvas live the beauty and the grandeur and all that was most distinguished in his day. Here, too, are Opie and West and Lawrence and Landseer's graves. Here, more lately interred, Sir Edgar Boehm, famous for the Jubilee coinage.

We must not linger, however, but pass on into the crypt chapel, where the simple altar rests under the apse on an effective mosaic pavement. The modern sepia windows deserve notice, and Dean Milman's grave is also a prominent object. On the north is the aisle once assigned as a burying-place to the parishioners of St. Faith, now used partially as a vestry for the gentlemen of the choir. This contains the first tomb placed in the new St. Paul's; and here, too, may be seen the gigantic cover of the font, which only a short time ago was closely cemented down, effectively precluding all baptisms. Here we notice


Wellington
Monument

also, with its ever-fresh tribute of flowers, Dr. Liddon's grave, immediately under the high altar.

And now going westward, we find ourselves, after passing through an iron gate, in the Wellington chapel, where the body of the hero reposes inside a huge sarcophagus made of two blocks of Cornish porphyry. There is a simple grandeur about the tomb which accords well with the character of the Iron Duke. The floor is inlaid throughout with Roman mosaic said to have been made by the convicts at Woking. Still going westward we reach Nelson's tomb in the very centre of the building, where, looking up through a grating, the eye can just catch a glimpse of the high windows in the lantern of the cupola. In some ways it suggests a comparison with Napoleon's tomb at the Invalides. The history attaching to this marble monument is most curious, and has been worked out with great ingenuity and research by a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. The black marble sarcophagus long attributed, but erroneously, to Torregiano, formed part of an elaborate composition designed by Benedetto at the command of Cardinal Wolsey for the purposes of his own tomb ; most probably his own effigy once lay on the top of the black marble. On Wolsey falling into disgrace the whole tomb, with its marble and bronze, was seized by Henry VIII., and the design, considerably amplified, was set up in what is now the memorial chapel at Windsor (then Wolsey's chapel), with probably the candlesticks, which we have described above, as part of the screen around it,

and with a brazen effigy of the king recumbent on the marble. This was never finished, in spite of sundry efforts and good wishes on the part of the king's children. And under the Commonwealth it was broken up, and all the brass or bronze was sold for what it was worth. The marble portion of the tomb appears to have remained in the chapel at Windsor until the days of George III., and then, either out of a sense of honour to be conferred or economy to be practised, to have been used for the monument to Lord Nelson, whose viscount's coronet now occupies the place once filled by the effigy of a cardinal, perhaps also that of a king. He himself lies underneath, buried, as tradition says, in a coffin made out of a mast of the French ship *L'Orient*, which was burned and sunk by one of Nelson's captains, who presented to him the mast as the material for his future coffin.

There is not much to detain us further as we pass westward to look at the Duke of Wellington's funeral car. On either side are the workshops of the Cathedral, and its simple but most effectual warming apparatus. The ponderous carriage which stands at the west end is now shorn of its glory considerably. It has lost its velvet pall and decorations, but if somewhat barbaric, is yet a rather fine conception. It is made out of gun-metal; a cannon out of every victory the Duke won is said to be melted down into it. Round it may be seen the plaster-of-Paris candelabra which were used for the lying in state at Chelsea. As we

turn to go back down the crypt, do not let us fail to note its beautiful proportions, and the splendid way in which, in spite of the numerous visitors, it is kept.

Remounting to the floor of the Cathedral there is still much for the visitor to see upstairs, and much which he will never see without a special order and guide, in intricate passages and rooms, which are quite hidden away from view of the ordinary sight-seer. Here, after ascending a tedious flight of shallow steps, we come to the library, where Bishop Compton's portrait looks down on the collection which his liberality was instrumental at least in commencing. Here, too, is the tower containing great Paul, with its weight of sixteen tons, and the Phelps bell, which is only rung for the death of certain great personages. If he is fortunate the visitor may now see the geometrical staircase, the clock, and the twelve bells (with a special order), the model of St. Paul's, and the trophy-room. Returning again he mounts more stairs to the Whispering Gallery. If it is fine he may go still higher and get a view of London from the "stone gallery," or higher still from the "golden gallery," and the ball.

Here we must leave our friends to descend the 365 steps to the floor, and to take as they depart a last look at the mighty pile, which in its vigorous religious life is no longer merely a show-place for enterprising tourists, but in the true sense of the word a place of worship.

W. C. E. NEWBOLT.

YORK MINSTER.

YORK MINSTER.

"T rosa flos florum sic est domus ista domorum" are the words which some unknown hand has inscribed upon the walls of our Minster; and we who love the habitation of His house and the place where God's honour dwelleth venture to think that these are "words of truth and soberness" even now, though we remember that when they were written there were many features of art and taste adorning the great fabric which have long since passed away. Still York Minster is "a thing of beauty" in spite of ruthless improvements and fanatical zeal and Puritan Philistinism and indiscriminating utilitarianism and ignorant restorations.

In spite of these, and in consequence of these, perhaps, York Minster is what it is; and if we cannot recall all that tradition tells us once adorned its courts and enriched its sanctuaries, we can admire and appreciate what has come into our hands, and thank God that it is our privilege to worship in a house so worthy of His holy name. Yes, and it is a

pleasure and interest to recall the gradual development thereof through so many generations of men; how it has come up like a flower, from a very small and insignificant beginning, putting forth gradually, as time went on, larger developments, like the seed, first the blade, then the ear; extending like the vine of old her branches unto the sea and her boughs unto the river—each with some fresh and characteristic novelty, as affected by the different schools of architectural taste, which, like the different seasons of the year, have shed their influence over it. And we love to idealise the scenes which have taken place therein, and the persons, many not unknown to history, who have had their share in the good work or whose lives and actions are associated therewith, or to recall how, sometimes in accordance with, sometimes in opposition to, what they most earnestly desired, it at length far eclipsed the most sanguine anticipations of its founders, and in its sober dignity and chastened ornamentation acquired a reputation second to none of "the houses of God in the land."

It is, of course, a mere speculation, but fancy will sometimes be busy with vain surmises as to whether the present Minster is a development of the original British church; a mere grain of mustard seed, no doubt, as compared with its aftergrowth. But some primitive building did exist, for, as far back as the year 180, Beda tells us missionaries were sent from Rome by Eleutherius at the request of the British



WEST FRONT.

chieftain Lucius, not for the conversion of the people, but to settle controverted points of differences as to Eastern and Western ceremonials which were disturbing the Church, and tradition speaks of twenty-eight British bishops, one for each of the greater British cities, over whom presided the Archbishops of London, York, and Caerleon-on-Usk. So that the Romans probably found a Christian church already established when Agricola took possession of Eburacum, towards the close of the first century after Christ's birth, and probably tolerated it with proud indifference for many generations until the great persecution of Diocletian in 294, when Constantius Chlorus, one of his associates in the empire, was in command, who, Eusebius says, was nevertheless most liberal and tolerant; though Beda tells us of numbers of martyrs and confessors, and how churches were thrown down, while trembling believers fled for refuge to the wilderness and the mountains. But certainly Constantius professed himself favourable to Christianity in 305, when he divided the empire with Galerius, and, after reigning for a few months, died, and his body was probably burnt and buried here. Here, at York, his son, Constantine, if not born, was saluted as Imperator by the army on his father's death, and eventually deliberately adopted the Christian faith.

This would lead us to expect that favour would be shown to the Christian Church, and tradition has handed down the names of several prelates of York

about this date: Eborius, who was present with two others at the Councils of Arles, 314, and Nicæa and Sardica and Ariminium; Sampson, who was driven out of the city by the incursion of Pagans and fled to St. David's; Pyramus, chaplain of King Arthur, that last tower of British strength, and charged by him to restore the desolated and ruined churches; and finally Tadiocus, who, when he saw the armies of Saxons pouring in, joined Theonus, Bishop of London, and fled to Wales, whither, as the Saxons did not tolerate Christianity, they were followed by all those who desired to keep the faith in peace. However, in 597, Augustine landed at Ebbsfleet in Kent, and eventually converted and baptized Ethelbert, King of Kent, who had married Bertha, daughter of the Frankish king, Charibert, and in 601 Pope Gregory, with a desire to assist Augustine in his work amongst the Anglo-Saxons, sent over Paulinus, as a likely person, should occasion offer, to resuscitate the desolated Church of Northumbria, and restore the Metropolitan See of York. It is said that "Paulinus" was the Latin title assumed by Rum, the son of Urien, a British chief, who having opposed the Saxons in the north had, on their supremacy, fled with his family from the country, and sought safety at Rome, and that, therefore, Augustine having endeavoured in vain to persuade the British clergy in Kent to co-operate with him, Gregory selected Paulinus as likely to be a useful coadjutor to him in the evangelisation of Kent

Subsequent events, perhaps unexpectedly, favoured this plan, for Edwin, the legitimate heir to the throne of Northumbria, being driven away by his brother-in-law Ethelfrith, who had usurped the crown, sought for security and protection in other kingdoms, and in his wanderings came to the court of Ethelbert, where he became fascinated by Ethelburga his daughter, and sought her for his wife. Assent was given on condition that she, being a Christian, should be allowed Christian worship, and that he would consider the faith. This he promised to do, and Redwald, King of East Anglia, having slain Ethelfrith in a battle near the sluggish waters of the river Idle, Edwin was restored to his inheritance, and proceeded to take possession of his kingdom accompanied not only by his wife but by Paulinus as her chaplain, who had been consecrated Bishop of the Northumbrians by Justus on July 21st, 625. For two years Edwin remained uninfluenced alike by the entreaties of his wife and the arguments of the bishop, but at length gave way, and on Easter day, April 12th, 627, he was baptized in a little church or chapel of wood, hastily constructed at his bidding, and dedicated to St. Peter, right in front of the great heathen temple in the centre of his capital, Eburacum.

Nothing is left of this primitive structure, but the well is still pointed out from which the water used at the ceremony was drawn, and a little beyond is a flight of stone stairs ending in a square stone slab

which tradition says were the steps and altar of the temple.

There are still traces, however, of the stone church which Archbishop Albert built in its place (741), when it had been greatly injured by fire. Part of the herring-bone walls is still to be seen, and after the great fire in 1829, Crown the antiquary successfully traced out the foundations, which, however, are now concealed. However, it remained uninjured, in spite of incursions of Picts and Scots, until the Conquest, when it shared in the universal destruction meted out by the Conqueror to York and the surrounding country; and Thomas, the first Norman archbishop, found little left but a few tottering roofless walls which had survived the flames. He re-roofed and restored the church as well as he could, rebuilt the refectory and dormitory, and in other respects set in order the affairs of the establishment. And so it remained until Roger de Pont l'Evêque succeeded to the archiepiscopate in 1154.

Lanfranc, on his accession to the See of Canterbury in 1073, had found the cathedral of Christ Church, of which Eadmer has left a curious record, almost consumed by fire; but in seven years he succeeded in rebuilding the whole church from the foundation on the plan and dimensions of St. Stephen's at Caen, the abbacy of which he had quitted to become archbishop. A detailed and singularly precise account by Gervase, the monk, is still extant. On the death of Lanfranc, 1089, the see was bestowed on Anselm,



YORK MINSTER FROM THE NORTH.

who as soon as possible took down the short choir and replaced it with one extending magnificently eastward, provided with a crypt, an apsidal aisle, a processional path with flanking towers, called St. Anselm's and St. Andrew's towers, and radiating chapels, as well as with eastern transepts, all which was, in fact, an imitation of the great Abbey of Cluny, entrusting the superintendence of the work to the priors Ernulph and Conrad, eventually his successor, who, in 1114, completed the choir with so much magnificence that it was denominated "the glorious choir of Conrad." All this, however, was destroyed by fire in 1174, which Gervase himself witnessed, but in four years was restored and even improved by the great French architect William of Sens.

In 1154, when Archbishop Fitzherbert died at York, this fair building must have been in the zenith of its beauty, and we can well imagine the anxiety of Robert the Dean and Osbert the Archdeacon to secure the election by the Chapter of Roger, who had been Archdeacon of Canterbury from 1148, and who had no doubt already given promise of that architectural ability and liberality of character which eventually made him the most munificent ruler that ever presided over the See of York. Becket succeeded him in the archdeaconry until 1162, when, elevated to the See of Canterbury, the two quondam archdeacons of Canterbury were at the very helm of the Church of England.

Roger seems at once to have commenced the

reproduction at York of this great work, by substituting for the short simple chancel of the Minster a complex eastern building which, making due allowance for its want of equal dimensions with Canterbury choir, was yet evidently planned on the same system, with the aisles square-ended instead of apsidal, and the flanking towers made to perform the part of eastern transepts. Of this choir, portions only of the crypt still survive. The base of the beautiful western entrance doorway to the north aisle can still be seen by adventurous explorers. The ordinary visitor can still admire the substantial and elaborately incised columns, which once supported the floor of the choir above, and see the arches, with the bold zigzag mouldings, which once rested on them, but which were removed in the days of Edward I. to support a stone platform behind the high altar, on which was erected the shrine of William Fitzherbert, then canonised as "St. William of York," to provide for the northern province a counter-attraction to St. Thomas of Canterbury. If the arches were replaced on the piers the pavement of the choir would be 15½ feet above the pavement of the crypt, within 6 inches of that of Canterbury, and if the present nave floor were reduced 4 feet to its original level, the respective levels of the nave, crypt, and choir at York and Canterbury would be the same. No doubt the arrangement of the different flights of steps from the nave to the choir and to the crypt, broken in the centre aisle with a broad landing which still remains



NORMAN PIERS IN CRYPT.

at Canterbury, was followed at York. But all this has passed away, and the feature of the "glorious choir" of Roger can now only be realised from the conjectures of the archæologist or the dreams of the antiquary.

But there were munificent laymen as well as ecclesiastics in those days, for Lord William de Percy gave the church of Topcliffe, with all things pertaining, to the church of St. Peter at York, as a perpetual

alms for the repairing and building thereof—a gift which still remains in the possession of the Dean and Chapter; and he and his successors continued to assist the development of the Cathedral with munificent contributions of wood until the completion of the nave, when his statue was placed, to commemorate his liberality, above the west door, on the right hand of Archbishop Melton, the Metropolitan at that time. On his left stands another figure commemorating equally liberal benefactors: Mauger le Vavasour, who gave a grant of free way for the stone required for the foundation of the Minster by Archbishop Thomas; his son, Robert le Vavasour, also gave ten acres and half a rood of his quarry in Thievesdale in free, pure and perpetual alms; and their descendants, in like manner, presented almost all the material required for the present buildings, even as late as the great fire in 1829, when Sir Edward Vavasour, although a Roman Catholic, at once placed his quarries at the service of the Dean and Chapter for the restoration of the choir.

Fancy would fain idealise the choir of Roger, which has passed away, for the superstructure to such substantial and dignified masonry as still remains must have been solemn and imposing. Professor Willis suggests a choir the floor of which was raised 15 feet above the floor of the nave, and transepts with eastern towers approached by flights of steps such as still exist at Canterbury, but the learned professor had few reliable data for his conjectures,



THE CHOIR LOOKING EAST.

and it must remain a conjecture *usque ad finem.* Geoffrey Plantagenet, who succeeded Roger, had not the opportunity, even if he had the will and capacity, to extend the buildings of the Minster. The youngest child of fair Rosamond, the lawful wife, historians now tell us, of Henry II., he was at least a loving son. On his breast his father died, to him the King gave his royal ring, and on his head with his last dying breath he invoked the blessing of heaven. But if his dutiful conduct caused the warm-hearted members of the Chapter to elect their treasurer Archbishop, it did not conciliate either of his half-brothers, Richard and John. Sixteen years of incessant discord ensued, and then he gave place to one more capable of his position, Walter de Gray. But the Chapter did not at first think so. He was not one of themselves; they knew little of the Bishop of Worcester, and what they knew they disliked. He was, in their eyes, an illiterate person. Simon de Langton was more to their mind. But Walter de Gray was King John's friend, and John was not a man to be thwarted. He meant him to be Archbishop, and his representatives persuaded Pope Innocent III. to overrule the election of the Chapter. At least, he was a man of pure life, they said. "Per sanctum Petrum," replied the Pope, "virginitas magna est virtus, et nos eum damus vobis."

And certainly posterity has had no reason to regret his decision. The glorious Early English transepts and tower are believed to have been his

conception, vast beyond anything which had been erected in those days, and, as the late Mr. Street has often told me, after all his experiences on the Continent, unsurpassed in Christendom. Walter de Gray, at least, completed the south transept, "in boldness of arrangement and design, and in richness of decoration without a peer." And there his body rests in the grave which received all that was mortal of him on the vigil of Pentecost, 1255, still surmounted with the effigy of the great man in full canonicals carved in Purbeck marble, under a canopy resting on ten light and graceful pillars, hidden, alas! by a crude and modern screen of iron, the well-intentioned addition of Archbishop Markham some eighty years ago.

And Providence had associated with Walter de Gray one worthy of such a fellowship, John le Romain, the treasurer of the church, an Italian ecclesiastic who, tradition says, smitten with the charms of some dark-eyed beauty of the South, gladly associated himself with the clergy of the Church where celibacy, at that day at least, was not *de rigueur*. He it was who completed the great work his superior had commenced, raised at his own expense the great tower, built the north transept, designed "the Five Sisters," and filled it with the exquisite grisaille geometrical glass, which has been the admiration of successive generations for six hundred years. How much Walter de Gray laid out in the erection of the transepts I cannot say: I



SOUTH TRANSEPT AND FOUNDER'S TOMB.

only know that the south transept cost £23,000 to restore fifteen years ago. In addition to his work on the material fabric of the Minster, Archbishop Walter de Gray achieved that which had a substantial influence on its progress to its completion. Archbishop Roger had initiated the great work, but

had died in his bed, and his influence had died with him. Thomas à Becket, his successor as Archdeacon of Canterbury, had also advanced to the dignity of the archiepiscopate, but he had fallen a victim to his zeal for the Church spiritual, and his martyrdom and canonisation had entailed a shrine in the Cathedral which was eliciting from innumerable pilgrims munificent offerings for the fabric of the church. If York were to compete with Canterbury it was necessary that here, too, a shrine of some popular saint should attract the presence of the devout, and appeal to their munificence and liberality. This also Walter de Gray, supported as he was by the king, was able to accomplish, and in compliance with a petition from the Archbishop and the Dean and Chapter, Pope Honorius, on March 18th, 1226, issued a letter, "tied with thread of silk and a Bull," to the effect that the name of William (Fitzherbert) of holy memory, formerly Archbishop of York, nominated by them for this honour, the predecessor of Archbishop Roger, was "inscribed in the catalogue of the Saints of the Church Militant."

Little, however, seems to have been done during the archiepiscopates of Sewell de Bovell, Geoffry de Ludham and Walter Gifford.

However, in 1279, William de Wykewayne, chancellor of the church, was elected to the see, and he at once took action by translating the remains of the canonised William, on December 29th, to a becoming shrine prepared for them behind the high altar on a

platform raised upon the arches of the crypt removed to this their present position for that purpose. It was a grand day in the Minster. Edward I. himself, together with the bishops who were present, carried on their shoulders the chest or feretory containing the precious relics to their new resting-place, and Anthony Beck, consecrated the same day Bishop of Durham, paid all the expenses.

In 1286, Archbishop Wykewayne died, and was succeeded by another, John Romanus, the worthy son of the munificent treasurer, who had doubtless inherited the taste and munificence of his father. Perhaps for that very reason the Chapter selected him, when only Prebendary of Warthill in the church, to be his successor, and his ten years of office, if too short to do much, was sufficient to initiate the great work of building a nave consistent with the transepts. Another style of architecture was setting in, the Decorated, and where could it be better inaugurated than in such a church as this? For one hundred and fifty years the good work went on. Four prelates in succession, Henry de Newark, Thomas de Corbridge, William de Greenfield, William de Melton, each, during his tenure of office, strove to promote the completion of the grand design his predecessor had indicated, in that full perfection of ecclesiastical architecture. No effort was spared, no personal self-denial evaded; clergy and laity alike shared in the enthusiasm of the moment, the Plantagenet kings, for the most part resident in York,

by offerings and by influence, encouraging and stimulating the good work. Archbishop Melton contributed many thousands of pounds from his own purse, and had the privilege of seeing the grand conception completed; and there he sits above the central doorway graven in stone in his archiepiscopal attire, with his hand still raised in the attitude of benediction; over his head one of the finest flamboyant windows in the world, and on either side the representatives of the houses of Vavasour and Percy, bearing in their arms emblems of the wood and stone which they had offered.

And concurrently with the great work, another, in perfect harmony therewith, was proceeding, viz. the chapter-house, with its great circumference occupied with stalls, surmounted by elaborate and delicate canopies, enriched with innumerable quaint and suggestive carvings of heads and features, some as warnings, some as encouragements, to those who have eyes to see, and of graceful foliage of trefoil and other plants, specially the *planta benedicta*, which illustrated the doctrine of the Holy Trinity and the love of God, girdled with a simple yet emblematical wreath of the vine; while the varied foliage rises again in the glass, bordering the noble windows, rich with heraldry and sacred subjects, until lost in the stately roof, which, spanning the whole area without any central column, and once glowing with emblematical figures and stars, is centred with a majestic boss of the Lamb of God.



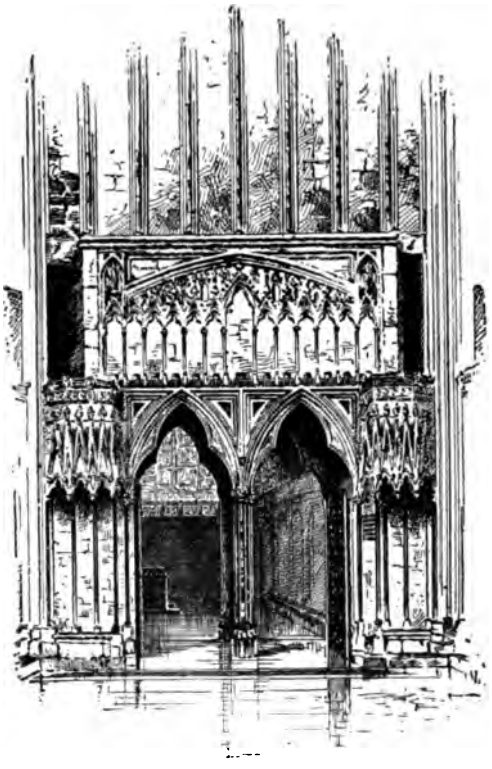
THE CHAPTER-HOUSE, SHOWING VESTIBULE EXTERIOR.

Alas that Willement ever essayed to restore it, scraped the paintings from the walls, plastered the ceiling, repaired the floor, and ruined the east window which he had taken to pieces and found himself incompetent to put together again! Still, though but the survival of its ancient glories, it is "the flower of our flowers," the focus of all the

beauties which in their wanton profusion extend on all sides around us.

Who built it? Who conceived this stately hall, with this elegant vestibule unique in the cloisters of Europe? Who furnished the funds by which it was founded and completed? Well, if conjecture may supply what faith or modesty may have left unexpressed, Bogo de Clare, for the shields in the tracery point to that family. He, an ecclesiastical courtier nearly related to the royal family, and a not altogether worthy scion of the House of Clare, but wealthy beyond all conception with the plurality of his benefices, which the late Chancellor Raine estimated at about £20,000 per annum, was treasurer of the Minster from 1274 to 1285. A man probably not likely to do much to promote the devotion of the Minster, though ready to devote the vast accumulation of money which he had acquired to exalt the glories of the house of which he was a member, and, for the time at least, the reputation of his name.

Melton's days closed under the dark shadow of his defeat at Myton by the Scotch, and Zouche, Dean of York, his successor, though he wiped off the stain thereof by his triumphant victory over them at Neville's Cross, and took care of Queen Philippa and her children during the absence of Edward III. in his French wars, did little to promote the material dignity of the Minster, save to build the chapel which bears his name, and which he had intended for a place of sepulture for himself. But Thoresby, a



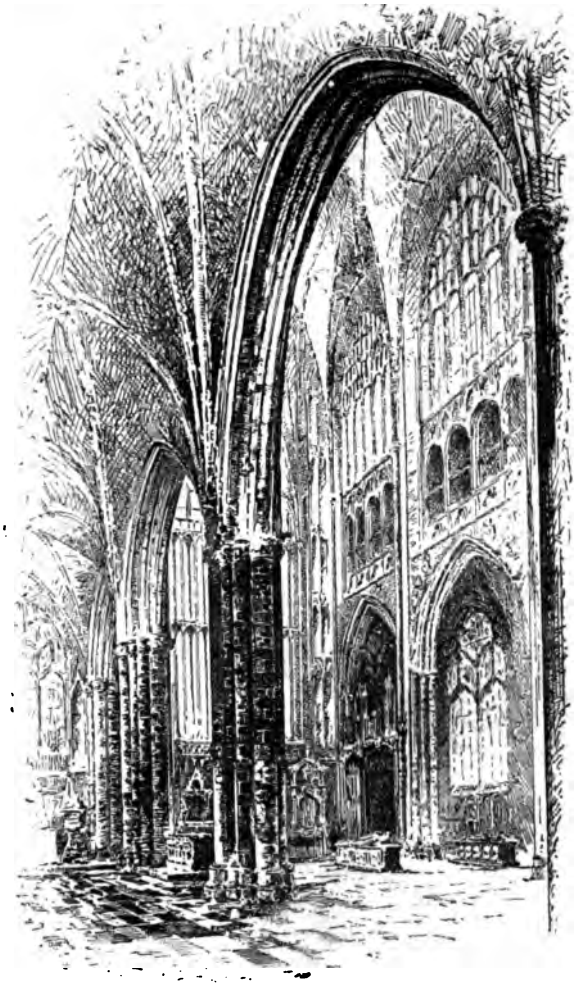
CHAPTER-HOUSE DOORWAY FROM WITHIN.

Yorkshireman from Wensleydale, and a prebendary of the Minster, his successor in 1352, Bishop of Worcester and Lord Chancellor, was a man of very different temperament. He had the further development of the glories of the Minster thoroughly

at heart. At once he sacrificed his palace at Sherburn to provide materials for an appropriate Ladye Chapel, gave successive munificent donations of £100 at each of the great festivals of the Christian year, and called on clergy and laity alike to submit cheerfully to stringent self-denial to supply the funds.

During his tenure of office of twenty-three years the Ladye Chapel was completed, a chaste and dignified specimen of Early Perpendicular style, into which the Decorated gradually blended after the year 1360, and unique in its glorious east window 78 feet high and 33 feet wide, still the largest painted window in the world, enriched with its double mullions, which give such strength and lightness to its graceful proportions. But Roger's choir, which was still standing, must now have looked sadly dwarfed between the lofty Ladye Chapel and the tower and transepts.

Alexander Nevill, his immediate successor, probably did not do much to remedy this, for he soon became involved in Richard II.'s rash proceedings, and had to fly to Louvain, where he died in poverty. Neither did Arundel or Waldby, his successors, for the former was soon translated to Canterbury, the latter soon died. But Richard Scrope, who was appointed in his place, would naturally be earnest and vigorous in the good work, for he was a Yorkshireman by birth, son of Lord Scrope of Masham, kinsman of Lord Scrope of Bolton, and, during the



THE LADY CHAPEL.

short nine years which elapsed between his installation and his wanton, cruel murder by Henry IV., the building seems to have made rapid progress This was energetically continued by Henry Bowet, who followed him, and who, invoking the aid of Pope Gregory XII. to enforce his appeal for funds, and enlisting the aid of Skirlaw, Bishop of Durham, one of the greatest architects of mediæval times, glazed the great east window with its elaborate glass executed by John Thornton of Coventry, 1409, raised the lantern on the central tower, completed the groining of the choir aisles, rebuilt Archbishop Zouche's chapel, the treasury and vestry, and commenced the library. He was indeed a man of action to the end, for when incapacitated for walking or riding by age and infirmity, he was carried in his chair, arrayed in a breastplate with three buckles, five pendants, and ten bars of silver gilt, at the head of the forces raised by the wardens of the North of England, and, through the influence of his presence, encouraged the soldiers to rout the Scotch who had invaded Northumberland and besieged Berwick in 1417.

Little now remained to be done. Robert Wolvedon and John de Bermyngham, two munificent treasurers in succession, helped to bring matters to a prosperous conclusion, the former filling some of the windows with painted glass, the latter raising the south-western tower. The north-western tower was added probably during the archiepiscopate, if not by the munificence, of Archbishop George Nevill.

The organ screen, with its elaborate cornice and canopies enriched with angels singing and playing instruments of music, and its stately niches filled with figures of the Kings of England, from William I. to Henry VI., was built by Dean Andrew, himself the friend and secretary of the last-named monarch. And the great church was solemnly reconsecrated as a completed building on July 3rd, 1472, when an ordinance was passed by the Dean and Chapter that "on the same day the feast of the Dedication shall be celebrated in time to come."

I have no space to dwell on all the innumerable details of architectural ornament or quaint mediæval devices which decorate the walls; neither on the many interesting monuments scattered throughout the aisles, such as the delicate piscinas, or the Fiddler, a modern reproduction of an old figure which had crowned the little spiral turret of the south transept, intended as a portrait of Dr. Camidge, the organist, at the beginning of this century; or the tomb of good Archbishop Frewen, the first prelate of the Province after the Restoration.



PERPENDICULAR PISCINA.

But even a sketch of York Minster would not be



THE FIDDLER.

complete without some mention of the glass, for if the beauty in the form of our "flos florum" is due to its architecture, very much of its beauty in colour depends on the flowing and mellowed tints with which its windows are filled. But it is a large subject to enter upon, for as regards quantity there are no less than one hundred and three windows in the Minster, most of them entirely, and the remainder partly filled with real old mediæval glass, excepting the tracery. Some of the windows too are of great size. The east window, which is entirely filled with old glass, consists of nine lights, and measures 78 ft. in height, 31 ft. 2 in. in width. The two choir transept windows, that in the north transept to St.

William, and the south to St. Cuthbert, measure 73 ft. by 16 ft. They have both been restored, the latter very recently, but by far the greater part of them is old glass. On each side of the choir the aisles contain nine windows measuring 14 ft. 9 in. by 12 ft., only the tracery lights of which are modern ; the same number of windows fill the clerestory above, the greater portions of which are ancient.

The famous window of the north transept, the Five Sisters, consists of five lights, each measuring 53 ft. 6 in. by 5 ft. 1 in., and is entirely of old glass. There are six windows in the north and six in the south aisles of the nave, with only a little modern glass in the tracery. The superb flamboyant window at the west end of the centre aisle measures 56 ft. 3 in. by 25 ft. 4 in., and consists, I believe, entirely of old glass, except the faces of the figures. The clerestory windows are studded with ancient shields, but a great part of the glass is, I fancy, modern ; those of the vestibule, eight in number, measuring 32 ft. by 18, are of old glass, including the tracery lights. And in the chapter-house the seven windows, of five lights each, are filled with old glass. The east window has been clumsily restored by Willement. In the side windows of the transepts there is some old glass, and the great rose window over the south entrance still retains much of the old glass ; while far overhead in the tower there are some really fine bold designs of late, but genuine,

design and execution. Altogether, according to actual measurements, there are 25,531 superficial feet of mediæval glass in the Minster, *i.e.*; more than half an acre—a possession, we should think, unequalled by any church in England, if not in Christendom.



TRANSEPT, LANTERN, AND FIVE SISTERS WINDOW.

But the difficulty in describing the glass arises from the fact that many of the windows are composed of fragments of glass of different dates, which, for various reasons, perhaps to preserve them, have been interchanged during past generations. The educated eye of the glass painter can detect splendid specimens of every school of glass painting throughout the Minster, but some-

times comparatively small portions isolated in the midst of glass of a totally different period. The Five Sisters window is an almost complete specimen of Early English glass, with an elaborate geometrical pattern formed by the conventional foliage of the *planta benedicta*, but at the foot of the central light there is a panel consisting of distinctly Norman glass, portraying Jacob's dream, or Daniel in the lion's den, for it is indistinct, and critics differ. The suggestion is that this panel formed part of the previous window, in the old Norman transept, and, for some unknown reason, being specially valuable, was preserved and incorporated in its successor. The tracery lights of the vestibule windows are filled with old Norman glass, and the late Canon Sutton was of opinion that the stone tracery had been specially designed to suit it. The clerestory tracery in the nave contains also much Norman glass, probably from the old Norman nave, and in many other windows we can trace similar insertions.

Sometimes groups of figures may be noticed evidencing, by their utter lack of connection with their environment, that they have been transplanted from some other window. Sometimes a single figure, under a Decorated canopy, stands out in a window of distinctly Perpendicular tracery. Sometimes several of such figures fill separate lights when they have evidently been intended to be together. Sometimes kneeling figures, each of which had been intended to represent the donor of some window, have been

brought together in a rather amusing and inharmonious fellowship. Sometimes the whole of some large figure has been removed, and only the outline left, which has been indiscriminately filled up with a patchwork of scraps of all kinds and subjects. This is specially noticeable in the window on the north side of the choir, where the letters R.S., in the bordure, indicate that it had been put up to the memory of Archbishop Scrope; here there are three large outlines of female figures, each with a child in her arms, one of them probably the Virgin, but all detail has been obliterated. Sometimes only a portion of a figure remains, *e.g.*, a beautiful and venerable head and shoulders of some grave ecclesiastic in the most delicate mezzotint; or a dignified face with splendid crown and nimbus, and cope and pectoral cross, adorning what remains of a saintly figure; or a crowned head, in a maze of painted fragments, around which the initials, E., in the bordure, evidently denote Edward the Confessor. Again, there are legs only, with the water flowing over the feet and the end of the staff which the hands had grasped, evidently the remains of some grand figure of St. Christopher, a very frequent and favourite figure in the church windows of York. Or, again, draped figures of ecclesiastics, complete almost to the hem of their robes, but destitute of feet, which may be discovered in the tracery above, where they have been utilised simply to supply some fracture. Sometimes heads and bodies, which have evidently no real

association, are found united together. The former occasionally the work of some modern painter, who had attempted with his own brush to supply what was lacking. This is manifestly the case in the west windows of the central aisle of the nave, where the faces of the archbishops are evidently modern insertions, and in the west window of the south aisle, where a stately figure of our Lord on the cross, tended by little angels, has been terribly marred by a most repulsive modern face, which has been added. But sometimes the head and body are both mediæval, but sadly incongruous, for male faces are to be found on female shoulders, and delicate crowned heads of virgins or angels on the stalwart bodies of men.

And similar confusion exists in many other details: borders of different dates which have been pieced together, or incongruous modern borders which have been devised to make up the space on each side of some smaller window, which has been brought from some other church. Some of the windows, indeed, are almost, if not altogether, perfect. The east window has been patched with pieces of crude coloured glass, but only as repairs, possibly after the great fire in 1829, otherwise it must be very much as put up by John Thornton, 1405; and in its nine lights divided into six tiers, it contains two hundred panels of groups of figures, the two upper tiers being subjects from the creation of the world to the death of Jacob, the remainder from the book of Revelation.



THE NORTH AISLE.

The tracery lights of the east window of the north aisle seem to me altogether untouched.

The choir transept windows have been restored, but contain a large portion of the old glass in five lights. That on the north side, erected by some member of the family of De Ros, has one hundred panels of groups of figures illustrating the life of St. William, that on the south, erected by Langley, Bishop of Durham, seventy-five similar panels illustrating the life of St. Cuthbert. The grand series of windows in the vestibule also seem to me absolutely untouched since the day when they were first put up, and, with their figures of kings and queens and borders of Plantagenet badges, contain very striking specimens of the best date of painted glass.

The windows on the north aisle of the nave, no doubt erected soon after its completion, are equally perfect, and were probably presented by members of the court of Edward I. The window next to the transept given by Peter le Dene, the court ecclesiastic and tutor of Edward II., when Prince of Wales, has six illustrations of the life and martyrdom of St. Catherine, step-niece of Constantine the Great, and therefore a very acceptable subject to the people of York. It is adorned, moreover, with the shields of the immediate relations of Edward I., while the border of the central light contains figures in tabards emblazoned with the arms of some of the principal nobility of the day. The next window, presented by

Richard Tunnoc, the bell-founder, has three illustrations of the entrance of St. William to York, and two of the founding of bells, while peals of gold and silver bells are spread in profusion throughout it, and the worthy bell-founder himself kneels at the foot of the central light presenting his window to the Archbishop.

The next window, from its quaint border of birds and animals, seems to be the offering of Brian FitzAlan, Lord of Bedale, who treated with good-humoured banter and ridicule the dilemma caused at the siege of Caerlaverock by banners emblazoned with similar coats of arms being displayed by Hugh Poyntz and himself. And the window beyond was evidently given by some member of the family of Clare.

On the opposite side the glass is more mutilated, and it is difficult to trace the subject in some of the windows. One, however, conspicuous with the lions of Edward I. and the castle and dolphin of Blanche of Castile, in compliment to her great grand-daughter, his second wife, is believed to have been presented by Archdeacon de Maulay, when his friend, Anthony Bek, was consecrated Bishop of Durham here in the presence of the king. At the foot of the window the figures of his brothers, gallant knights in those days, bearing their shields above their heads, may be still traced on close examination. Splendid figures of St. Lawrence, St. Christopher, and another fill the lights of the next window. The glass in all the

windows is good and probably coeval with the building, though much of the tracery glass is modern and bad, the work of William Peckett, a glass painter of some local repute, who, at the close of the last century, undertook to restore the glass of the Minster. It is difficult to accord the measure of praise and blame to which he was entitled, for certainly, on the one hand, we are indebted to him for preserving many fragments which otherwise would have been lost, and yet, on the other, we cannot but condemn the strange medley of groups and figures, heads and bodies, together with large diapers of bright and coarse designs to fill up vacant spaces, which are evidently his work, and, in some instances, sadly inharmonious with the rest of the window. The single figures in the south window of the south transept are specimens of what he could do, and if lacking in artistic treatment of form and drawing, are not altogether defective in colouring. But we have much to be thankful for, for the elaborate MS. account of the Minster, written by Torre, the antiquary, in the reign of James II., shows us that we have lost very little of what existed in his day; and it is marvellous to think that so much should have survived not only the mistaken zeal of would be preservers and restorers, but the flames of the terrible fires, one of which consumed the woodwork and roof of the choir in 1829, and the other burnt off the roof of the nave in 1840.

We could wish that we knew something more

definitely about the glass painters of the Minster. The fabric rolls tell us nothing before the fourteenth century, and are rather tantalising than satisfying afterwards.

As early as 1338 Thomas de Boneston covenants by indenture to glaze two windows at his own proper cost, find all the glass, pay the workmen their wages for the finishing thereof, and Thomas de Ludham, the *custos* of the fabric, became bound to pay him twenty-two marks sterling for the same. Another indenture of the same date was made between Thomas de Boneston and Robert: for making a window at the west gable of the cathedral church, the said Robert is to find all sorts of glass and be paid 6d. per foot for white and 12d. per foot for coloured glass. In Archbishop Melton's register of the same year, the Archbishop pays to Master Thomas Sampson 100 marks for glasswork of the window at the west end of the church lately constructed—*i.e.*, the great west window. In 1361 Agnes de Holm leaves 100s. to the fabric for a glass window containing figures of St. James the Apostle and St. Catherine. In 1371 the name of William de Auckland appears as Vitriarius, and it would seem that the Dean and Chapter always maintained such an official, with a working staff to execute what glass might be required. From time to time great stores of glass and lead seem to have been accumulated, and there are constant entries of expenses occurring in wages and materials, *e.g.*, white glass for the great


ACCEPTUS FREWEN
qui inter vivos esse desijt
Mar 28 AD 1664

windows of the new choir, "coloured glass," "old coloured glass," "glass of small value."

In 1400 John Burgh seems to have been the glazier at 27s. 5d. per annum, with Robert, his assistant, at 25s. In 1419 John Glasman, of Ruglay, supplies three sheets of white glass. John Chambre is glazier in 1421. In 1443, Thomas Schirley with his assistant William; Thomas Cartmell in 1444; Matthew Pete with two assistants, Thomas Mylett and William Cartmell, in 1447; Matthew Pete in 1456, when he seems to have employed several assistants, Thomas Clerk, Thomas Shirwynd, Thomas Coverham, William Franklan, Robert Hudson, &c., with much expenditure for "yalow glass," &c.; John Pety, 1472; Robert Pety, 1509, the last member of a family which had long filled the office. Richard Taylor supplies two chests of Rennyshe glass in 1530; William Matthewson, of Hull, twenty-two wisps of Borgandie glass; and in 1538, one cradle of Normandie glass.

The indenture with John Thornton for glazing the great east window is still extant; he is to "complete it in three years, pourtray with his own hands the histories, images, and other things to be painted on the same. He is to provide glass and lead, and workmen, and receive four shillings per week, five pounds at the end of each year, and, after the work is completed, ten pounds for his reward."

Little enough it seems to us; but the system was very different from that which prevails now; yet

certainly the result which it produced justified the system, whatever it was, for, admitting that length of time and atmospheric influences may have toned and mellowed the colouring, there are evidences of craftsmanship in the designing and production of those days, which the best workmen of our own time have been ever ready to acknowledge, and before which they have been willing to pay generous homage.

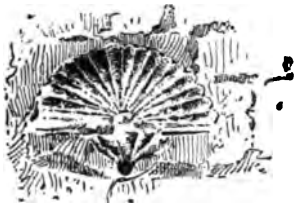
Truly, at the Reformation, the building must have been "flos florum," enriched with everything which the taste of man could devise or his skill execute: the massive walls, fashioned according to the highest canons of Early English, Decorated, and Perpendicular architectural taste, the great windows glowing with painted glass of each successive style, the vast area subdivided by stately screens of carved wood and stone into countless chapels and chantries; shrines glittering with offerings of precious and jewelled metals, and adorned with colour and gilding; the treasury stored, as the fabric rolls tell us, with gold and silver plate in rich profusion; vestments of the most costly fabrics and approved fashions. Exuberant in all that was of the earth, earthy; but, I am afraid, sadly lacking in those inward and spiritual graces of which these should have been the outward and visible signs. History may not be impartial, perhaps not altogether accurate, and mixed motives may have animated those who dealt vigorously, not to say ruthlessly, with these things. But too many records

remain to show us that "cleansing fires" were needed, and that, however depraved the instruments, however debased their motives, the work which they did was imperative, if Christian faith and life, and the worship of God in spirit and in truth, were to flourish and abound in this our fatherland.

Nor need we indulge in unavailing regrets. It is impossible not to wish that much which has been ruthlessly destroyed had been spared, and that many things of beauty could be recovered. We could wish that the unhallowed fingers which hesitated not even to rifle the very graves had been checked, that the fires of 1829 and 1840 had not swept over the choir and nave; but enough survives to gladden eye and heart with the noblest evidences of mediæval work and taste, and tokens on every side abound to testify that, in these latter days, Yorkshiremen have been as ready to repair the decay of age, restore the ravages of fire, and support the glory and dignity of God's house as ever they were in days gone by. We walk about our Zion and go round about her, and tell the towers thereof, and they speak to us of a living faith, not of an effete ecclesiasticism or of mere archæological interest. We rejoice that it is still emphatically a house of prayer, not only when "two or three are gathered together," but when its aisles are thronged with a vast multitude uniting in some special act of prayer and praise, or listening to some eloquent exponent of the Gospel of peace; and "when through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault the

pealing anthem swells the note of praise," we lift up grateful hearts in devout unison that we are permitted to worship Him in this His house on earth, and desiring that we may be permitted to attain to the "building of God, the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

A. P. PUREY-CUST.



PERPENDICULAR SHELL-ORNAMENT PISCINA.

ELY CATHEDRAL.

ELY CATHEDRAL.

"HIGH Art in Low Countries" was the title of a lecture delivered some years ago by a distinguished Dean of Ely in one of the principal towns of the East Anglian Fenland. He had no lack of architectural illustrations of his subject, familiar to his audience. Besides his own grand church, with its grand sister-churches of Lincoln and Peterborough, the Fen district supplied him with a surprising number of examples of high art as applied to ecclesiastical buildings; and many parish churches may have been cited by him in the course of his address, as proofs of the existence, in the Middle Ages, of a very high degree of artistic excellence in the architects who devised them, and in the workmen who carried out the plans and executed the delicate and exquisite details which have happily been in many cases preserved to our own day.

The special wealth of the Fen country in churches of the highest class, some of them almost cathedral-like in dimension, far exceeding the needs of the

sparse agricultural population now around them, must impress us with something like astonishment, when we remember that building materials, whether stone or timber, were necessarily brought from less watery districts. In the course of some drainage operations in Lincolnshire many years ago an ancient barge was discovered laden with blocks of stone. Its timbers were black with age and long immersion, like the well-known "Fen oak," and there can be no doubt that it had been accidentally sunk in the 'leam," or water-course, dug, perhaps, for the express purpose of conveying heavy materials by water-carriage to one of the churches or abbeys in course of construction five or six centuries ago. The Fabric-rolls of Ely Cathedral bear testimony to the determination and perseverance with which our fore-fathers encountered the difficulties presented by remote position and marshy subsoil; and it is on record that an illustrious Ely architect of the four-teenth century, after finding in a neighbouring county some oak timber trees of a scantling large enough for his needs, had to wait for their delivery at Ely until a road or causeway specially made across the marshes had become sufficiently consolidated to bear the weight of the trucks.

It is in the recollection of these difficulties, over-come with such marvellous energy, courage, and skill, that we would invite our friends to accompany us in a visit to Ely. Our appreciation of the great church will be enhanced if we associate with it, as

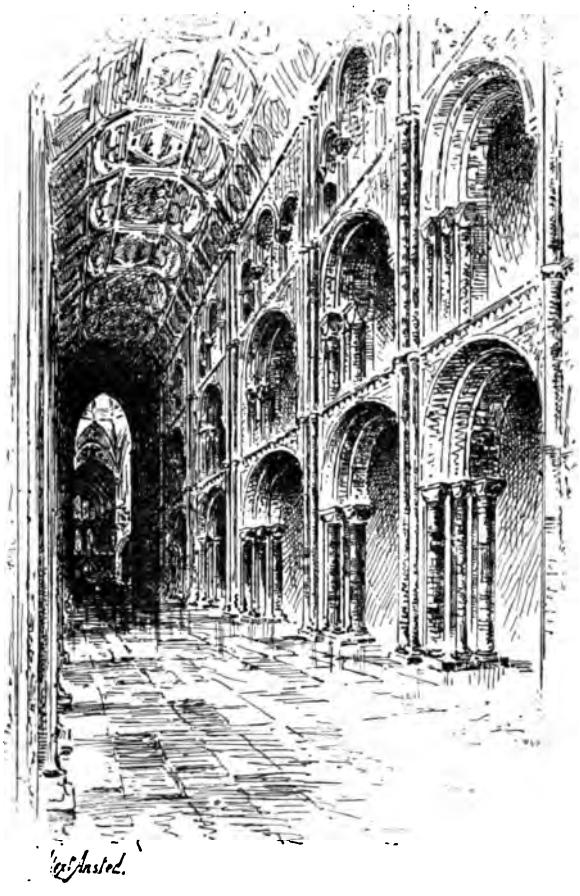
DISTANT VIEW OF ELY FROM THE SOUTH.

we go on, the names of some of those who patiently raised the massive walls of hewn stones brought from distant quarries with infinite pains and labour. We shall try to connect the several epochs marked by architectural changes with the men and manners of the times; for it is only thus that we can read the history of past ages written in edifices founded by the first Norman abbots and bishops, and carried on through some four or more centuries by a long line of successors until the Reformation.

Distant views of the Cathedral, looming in the hazy distance like some huge vessel at sea, are gained from low eminences near Cambridge, from Newmarket Heath, and from various points on the roads from those places. But we shall doubtless arrive by railway, and on leaving the train, and emerging from the station, we cannot fail to be struck by the picture before us. Lincoln on its hill, Durham on its rocky cliff, may have positions more imposing, but Ely has a charm of its own, rising, as it does, above masses of foliage, with humble low-roofed dwellings in the foreground, nestling amid gardens and orchards, and sheltered by timber trees. The vast church presides and dominates over the houses of the citizens, and dwarfs into insignificance the parish church with its spire, hard by, though this is of fair dimensions and altitude. Lord Macaulay was wont to say that a visit to Ely was a "step into the Middle Ages": probably he meant by this remark that the idea of the old ecclesiastical and monastic

supremacy was irresistibly forced upon him by the contrast between the huge abbey church and its secular surroundings. Ely has never expanded beyond the rank of a small market-town or large agricultural village, and this character is abundantly evident as we gaze at the view before us, and as we advance on foot towards the summit of the gentle eminence crowned by the Cathedral.

We resist the temptation to turn in at the abbey gate-house, which we find on our right at the top of the hill, and follow the street or lane, flanked by ancient buildings, which brings us opposite to the west front. Stepping across the open green on the left, we take in the imposing view from its extremity. From this spot we have on the right the picturesque buildings of the episcopal palace, raised by Bishops Alcock (1486—1500) and Goodrich (1534—1554); and on the extreme left, in the background, we see the western gable of the Lady Chapel, which occupies a peculiar and perhaps unique position at Ely, as we shall have occasion to note. But we should not see this gable at all if a lamentable mutilation of the west front had not taken place. The northern arm of the façade, which would have hidden it, has disappeared, we know not when or how: its absence cruelly mars the effect of an elevation which in its complete state must have possessed great dignity and grandeur. We note, too, as we take this first general survey of the scene before us, that a porch of large size and of a later style of architecture



THE NAVE, FROM THE WEST.

breaks the line of the façade. Above it rises the great tower, the production, evidently, of two distinct periods—the upper storey, with its corner turrets, being manifestly an afterthought or subsequent addition to the massive structure below. These are first and hasty impressions of the great church which we have come to see, and which we are about to examine in detail.

As we stroll back across the grass we may receive a first and hasty impression also of its origin and history, if we mention here that not a stone remains of the buildings erected by the great Saxon princess, Etheldreda, who founded the abbey in the year 673, and that there is some reason to doubt if they stood upon the site of the present church. Her convent had been destroyed by the Danes in 870, and had been reinstated, a century later, by Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester. Of Ethelwold's church no recognisable vestige remains, and our thoughts must range over another hundred years, until, in 1802, the first stone of the stately structure before us was laid by Simeon, Abbot of Ely, a relative of William the Conqueror. Simeon was ninety years of age, and we learn with pleasure that he lived ten more years to witness the gradual growth of the mighty edifice which he had founded.

And now we pass through the western porch, erected by Bishop Eustace (1208—1215), without lingering to note its beauty, and stand within the west door, on the threshold of the great church. We

have been dealing, thus far, with first impressions, and we may fairly doubt whether any second impression, however well matured, can surpass or equal that which is made by this superb view of the interior, open as it is to us from our standpoint on the doorstep to the distant glass of the eastern lancets. Under favourable effects of light and shade this interior, with its long nave of a somewhat light Norman, the lofty terminal arch opening to a central crossing of most unwonted spaciousness, the richly carved screen, with its glittering brass gates, and beyond it, again, the graceful vaulting of the choir, and the stained glass of the eastern windows, must be said to have few rivals among the great churches of England or of France. Its unquestionable charm is not by any means entirely, or chiefly, due to its immense length, unbroken by solid screens. We should be disposed to attribute it very largely to the sense of loftiness suggested by the graceful arches, about 85 feet in height from pavement to apex, carrying the eye upwards to the central lantern, from which light streams down through windows 150 feet above the floor. This sense of loftiness is promoted by the narrowness of the nave, about 32 feet from pier to pier, the height of the painted ceiling above our heads being 86 feet 2 inches. A somewhat light Norman, we have said, characterises this nave, light, that is, compared with the Norman of Durham, and strangely different from the Norman of Gloucester and of Tewkesbury. The great naves



THE WEST FRONT, FROM PALACE GREEN.

of Norwich and of Peterborough may be instructively compared with it.*

We note, as we advance along the central alley, that the arches of the triforium are equal in height to those of the lower arcade; and we must call special attention to this, as it gives a peculiar character to the whole of the subsequent additions to the church. The triforium galleries extend over the aisles, and it is impossible to deny that their roofs of rough timber intrude themselves on the eye in an unwelcome manner. In many foreign examples (we may cite Tournai, Laon, and St. Rémi at Rheims) these galleries are vaulted. Possibly, too, we may allow ourselves to wish that a stone vault had been placed upon the nave itself, as at Durham. Our English builders seem to have mistrusted their powers when confronted with the task of covering wide spans with stone roofs. Peterborough retains to this day its interesting but hardly pleasing flat ceiling of wood, with its original decoration. The nave of Ely, as first completed (about 1174, or somewhat earlier), was probably covered in with a similar ceiling. Subsequent events, however, led to the removal of this wooden covering, and it is very possible that a vault may have been contemplated by the architects of the fourteenth century, as at Norwich, where a beautiful example of late vaulting was most successfully executed. They allowed the roof of their nave to remain in a most unfinished condition, as if inviting

* See Murray's "Handbook to the Eastern Cathedrals," p. 65.

improvements, and it is in the recollection of the present writer that the plain and rough rafters had no kind of adornment, and that the massiveness of the walls appeared to be out of all proportion to the weight which they had to carry.* This eyesore was removed between the years 1845 and 1865 by the introduction of a boarded ceiling of pentagonal section, painted as we now see it by two accomplished amateurs, Mr. Styleman le Strange and Mr. Gambier Parry, who had been schoolfellows at Eton, and had long shared the same artistic tastes and the same gift of technical skill in draughtsmanship.

The great speciality of Ely Cathedral, its octagon, is opened before us as we reach the eastern end of the nave. We think it probable that some or many of our readers are aware that it owes its origin to the downfall of the central tower in the year 1321. The tower, erected by Abbot Simeon's masons, "had long been threatening ruin, and the monks had not ventured for some time to sing their offices in the choir, when, on the eve of St. Ermenild (Feb. 12, O.S.), as the brethren were returning to their dormitory after attending matins in St. Catherine's Chapel, it fell with a mighty crash."† A similar disaster had befallen Winchester in the year 1107. In our own day the central tower and spire of Chichester suddenly became a heap of ruins. In both these cases the re-builders limited themselves to an exact reproduction

* See the engraving in Winkle's "Cathedrals," vol. ii.

† Murray: "Eastern Cathedrals," p. 191.



LOOKING ACROSS THE OCTAGON FROM S.W. ANGLE.

of the original fabric. The Abbey of Ely, however, possessed in its sacrist, Alan of Walsingham, a true artist, who saw his opportunity in the ruin which had overtaken his church, and who availed himself of it to such purpose that we may search Europe without finding a grander example of original design, bold construction, and charming detail than is presented before our eyes in this octagon. Mr. Beresford Hope, indeed, in a very interesting passage of his "English

Cathedral of the Nineteenth Century," p. 195, thinks that "the octagonal lantern at Ely, though unique in England, has parallels (inferior though they be) both at Antwerp and at Milan, two churches, generally speaking, of the fifteenth century, and, by the way, possessing common features of general resemblance." Mr. Fergusson, however,* holds that "Alan of Walsingham, alone of all the architects of Europe, conceived the idea of getting rid of the tall, narrow opening of the central tower, which, though possessing exaggerated height, gave neither space nor dignity to the principal feature. Accordingly, he took for his base the whole width of the church, north and south, including the aisles: then, cutting off the angles of this large square, he obtained an octagon more than three times as large as the square upon which the central tower would have stood." He covered this large area with a vaulting of wood, and on a massive structure, which is a model of masterly carpentering, he raised a lantern of oak, covered with lead. The central boss of this lantern is 150 feet above the pavement.

The immense strength of the walls and abutments has led some observers (among them Mr. Fergusson) to the conclusion that Alan intended ultimately to vault his octagon with stone. This may have been the case, but there is certainly nothing temporary or make-shift about the existing structure; and, as we have seen, we have it on record that infinite pains

* "Handbook of Archæology," pp. 869, 870.

were taken to procure oak trees of a size sufficient for the corner-posts of the lantern. However this may have been, there can be no two opinions about the combined grace and grandeur of Alan's work. Perhaps the best point from which to view it is the south-west angle near the door of the vergers' vestry. The many lines and levels of piers, windows, and roofs are almost bewildering in their intricacy, and now that colour and gilding have been added to their embellishments, they make up a whole which has been styled by a very competent judge,* "perhaps the most striking architectural view in Europe." "It is unsurpassed in Europe," says another authority,† "in originality of conception as in dignity of design." We will add that it was finished in 1342. The great architect died prior of the Abbey in 1364. The sculptured heads which support the hood-moulding of the north-west arch of the smaller side of the octagon are believed to represent those of Alan and of his master-mason.

It is not to be supposed that the large floor-space gained by Alan's masterly device was valued by him and by his compeers for purposes which we should now call "congregational." So far was this from being the case, that he did not scruple to carry across it the long lines of stalls and fittings of his ritual choir, completely cutting it up and sacrificing both its dignity and utility according to our modern

* Mr. R. J. King. See Murray.
† Rev. H. H. Bishop.

notions.* Our survey of the interior would be imperfect and superficial if this were overlooked. Ely Cathedral was no exception to the rule observed in other great churches subject to the Benedictine monastic system, which placed the ritual choir in the centre of the church, under the lantern, and crossing the transept, as at Westminster Abbey, at Winchester, and at Norwich, and as reinstated in our own day by Mr. Pearson at Peterborough. The vista from the west end would have been broken, in Alan's time, by a rood-screen, stretched across the nave at the third bay from its eastern extremity. Careful observers may discover, if they please, on the main pier of this bay, on the south side, a small oblique notch left in the masonry, indicating, no doubt, the place of the newel staircase leading up to this rood-loft; and the pier has evidently been repaired or made good after the removal of some structure abutting upon it. Profuse traces, moreover, of mural decoration in colour will be noticed on these arches, and on the vaulting of the adjacent aisles. It is believed that on the western side of this rood-screen stood a parish altar, with side-altars, for the use of the inhabitants of the city as distinguished from the brethren of the abbey. Of this, however, we are unable to adduce any direct proof. The arch of the triforium in this bay, on the north side, has been much cut away and widened, as if to admit some bulky object. This was probably one of the "pairs of organs," of which the abbey

* See plan in Browne Willis, vol. iii., published in 1742.



NORTH AISLE OF CHOIR AND STAIRCASE TO ORGAN-LOFT.

possessed three.* After the Reformation, the organ probably took the place of the rood, or crucifix, in the centre of the screen, as now at York, Lincoln, Exeter, and elsewhere.

* Among the fabric rolls, there is a very curious account of the cost of one of these organs built in 1396.

The Cathedral of to-day, solid and stable as when it was built, is not the cathedral of the Middle Ages as regards its internal arrangements. The ritual choir was removed so recently as 1770, by James Essex of Cambridge, to the six bays of the presbytery, the altar being placed against the east wall of the church; the organ, on a screen of his design, interrupting the view of the eastern windows. In this condition the present writer well remembers the church. The existing arrangement was made by Sir G. Scott in the course of the great alterations under Dean Peacock.

Proceeding to the east end, and passing along the north aisle of the choir, behind the stalls, we may note the pretty newel staircase leading up to the organ-loft. This is modern, and is imitated from a well-known example at the church of St. Maclou at Rouen. We turn into the presbytery, passing through the canopied monument of Bishop Redmayne, with its little altar at the good bishop's feet, and place ourselves at the foot of the steps, looking west. The view of the whole church from this point is hardly less impressive than that which is gained from the western threshold. Let us try to explain clearly the history of the Cathedral as written in the arches, piers, windows, and vaults which are around and above us. The central tower, we have seen, fell in 1321, and its fall ruined the Norman choir, which had four bays, and was terminated by an eastern apse. But a century previous to

this downfall, Bishop Hugh of Northwold (1229-1254) had removed the apse, and had extended or lengthened the Norman choir by six bays of most admirable design in the style of his period, the Early English or First Pointed, which had then superseded the Norman. About 1250, therefore, we should picture to ourselves a great Norman church, with an addition of six eastern bays in the new style, and with a lofty porch of two bays in the same style at the west end. Two styles, thus far, therefore, were nobly represented. But the tower fell eastward, utterly wrecking the Norman choir, and a third style, the Decorated or Edwardian, makes its appearance as a matter of course. Alan of Walsingham joined his octagon to Northwold's presbytery or retro-choir by three bays of lovely design and most elaborate workmanship, executed between the years 1345 and 1362. In these three exquisite bays the stalls, also designed by him, are now arranged, and a modern screen of oak, with brass grilles and gates, not unworthy of association with the old woodwork, closes in the ritual choir, thus adapted in our own day to modern needs by the zeal, energy, and skill of George Peacock, dean, and George Gilbert Scott, architect, between the years 1845 and 1858.

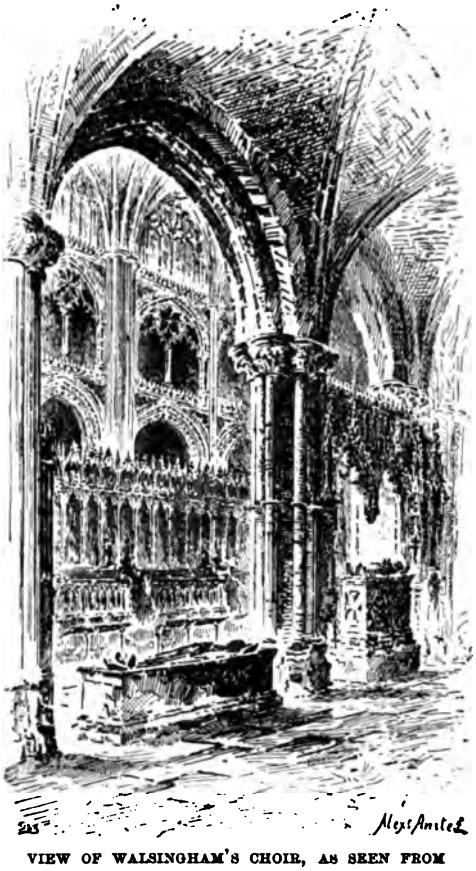
At Lincoln, at Salisbury, at Amiens, at Chartres, at Rheims, Wells, or Exeter, we have complete artistic conceptions, carried out for the most part in one style, and owing their incomparable grace and beauty to the general consistency of all their parts. At Ely,

on the contrary, we have grace and beauty equally admirable, derived from quite a different source, namely, from comparison and even contrast between the several portions of the church ; and happily the three styles may here be studied, each in a presentment of the highest order of excellence. The presbytery is deemed by very competent judges to be absolutely perfect as well in its design as in its details. Mr. Beresford Hope says of it,* "Salisbury Cathedral is usually regarded as the typal church in England of the Lancet style but I should place the eastern portion of Ely Cathedral on a much higher level of beauty." We marvel as we reflect upon the amount of patient labour which must have been bestowed upon those clustered columns of Purbeck marble, now cleaned, repaired, and repolished, boldly carved as to their capitals with profuse masses of foliage, and having the well-known curious ornament called the "dog-tooth" between the deep mouldings of the arches. The long corbels, or *culs-de-lampe*, which carry the vaulting-shafts, should be particularly noticed.

The beautiful vaulting itself is noticed by the accomplished French architect, Viollet-le-Duc, who gives an exquisite drawing of part of it in his great work on the architecture of his country.† Alan's bays afford a very early example, possibly the earliest in

* "English Cathedral of the Nineteenth Century," p. 36.

† "Dict. Rais. de l'Architecture Francaise," tom. iv., p. 119.



VIEW OF WALSINGHAM'S CHOIR, AS SEEN FROM THE NORTH AISLE.

England on a large scale, of the lierne* vault. The comparison, or contrast, with the plainer vaulting, without liernes, of Northwold's time, close by, is interesting; and we may note here that in the aisles of the choir the gradual development of the English style of vaulting is very apparent. The vaults of the aisles have no central rib; the central vault has it, to the great improvement of the effect; the more complicated liernes follow in Alan's work. While we are on the subject of vaulting, it may be well to complete our study of it by visiting the two chantries of Bishops Alcock and West, at the eastern extremities of the north and south aisles respectively. English vaulting may be said to have "run wild" in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, as we see it on a magnificent scale at King's College Chapel in Cambridge, Henry VII.'s at Westminster, St. George's, Windsor, and Christ Church, Oxford. Ely has its example of the fan vault, with pendant boss, in the chantry of Bishop Alcock (1486-1501). The mass of rich tabernacle work cut in the easily wrought material called "clunch," produces a marvellous effect, but will not bear comparison with the refined work of the earlier periods. The bishop's tomb, parted off by a screen—a chantry within a chantry—should be particularly noticed. The old altar remains *in situ*, a still older slab being let into the wall above. Bishop West's chantry, opposite (1515-1534), lined

* Liernes are short ribs inserted between bosses on the main vaulting ribs. The term is borrowed from carpentry.

with niches now empty, and perhaps never filled, shows the influence of the approaching Renaissance in its panelled vault, having deeply moulded ribs with pendant bosses.

Turning to take a last look at this most charming interior, ere we leave it by its brass gates, we may ask ourselves if the peculiarly English feature of one vast window, filling the whole eastern wall, as at York, Gloucester, or Carlisle, could be more impressive than the three great lancets before our eyes, with the five above them, worked so ingeniously into the curve of the vault. We may venture to wish, however, that the apse had found greater favour in the eyes of our architects. In France it is nearly universal, and gives opportunities for the exercise of constructive skill and artistic beauty of the highest order. One great French cathedral is a notable exception—that of Laon. Its square eastern end, with three vast lancets, will forcibly remind travellers from Ely of their own church in the Fens.

Bishop Northwold might well be proud of his work, and at the dedication feast (September, 1252) he entertained magnificently King Henry III., his son the young Prince Edward, then about thirteen years of age, and a great number of nobles and prelates. The *menu*, or bill of fare, of some of the great feasts has come down to us. Fish and game figure largely among the dishes served up by the cooks of the Lord Bishop, assisted, no doubt, by those of the Lord Prior, whose establishment was on

IN THE "OOLTEOH."

a sumptuous scale. The king and his son, arriving no doubt on horseback, though possibly by state-barge on the river, and attended by a train of knights and esquires, were met by the great churchmen with their swarm of attendants, and were escorted to their quarters in the palace and abbey amid crowds of the citizens and villagers from all the country round. Such pageants—any pageants—were rare in quiet Ely, and it was fortunate for the purses of the abbot-bishops and priors that it was so, for the cost must have been enormous. The shrines of the sainted abbesses, Etheldreda, her sister Sexburga, and her niece Ermenilda, were translated with great pomp into the new building, and two specially rich bosses in the vaulting overhead, larger than the others, are believed to indicate the place of the shrines on the floor below.

We should be quite inexcusable if we left the presbytery without calling attention to a feature which distinguishes the Pointed styles at Ely from those styles as presented elsewhere, and from which they possibly derive a great part of their special charm. This feature, stated in two words, is the lofty triforium. "All Englishmen," says Mr. Hope,* "ought to know the grandeur of these [triforium] galleries at Ely and Peterborough." Again, "At Ely, the preservation of the triforium throughout the Cathedral is one of its grandest features."† We owe

* Page 217. † Page 215.

this preservation of the lofty triforium in the eastern portions to the good sense and sound artistic feeling of Bishop Northwold's architect. The Norman choir, like the nave, had a triforial arcade equal, or nearly, in height to the main arcade below. When Northwold pulled down the apse and planned his superb presbytery as a prolongation of that choir, he followed the Norman lines in the Early English work; and in his lower arcade, his triforium, and his clerestory, he copied the relative dimensions which his predecessors had laid down. Thus the Early English of Ely is an Early English built on Norman lines; a style peculiar to this Cathedral, and dissimilar, in this important respect, to the Early English of Salisbury, of Lincoln, of Westminster, or of Wells.

That true artist, Alan, was not the man to despise the example thus set before him. Bold innovator and original thinker as he had proved himself to be by his octagon, he followed with implicit obedience the lines drawn by the rude Norman masons, and repeated by Northwold's men; and when the ruins of the choir had been cleared away he built his three exquisite decorated bays in strict alignment with the six bays of the presbytery, only employing the more ornate and luscious, but less vigorous, style which belonged to his day. The foundations of the Norman apse, we will only add, exist under the pavement of the presbytery; and two tall Norman piers of wide-jointed masonry, which flanked the apse, were allowed to remain, and must be noticed by even a cursory



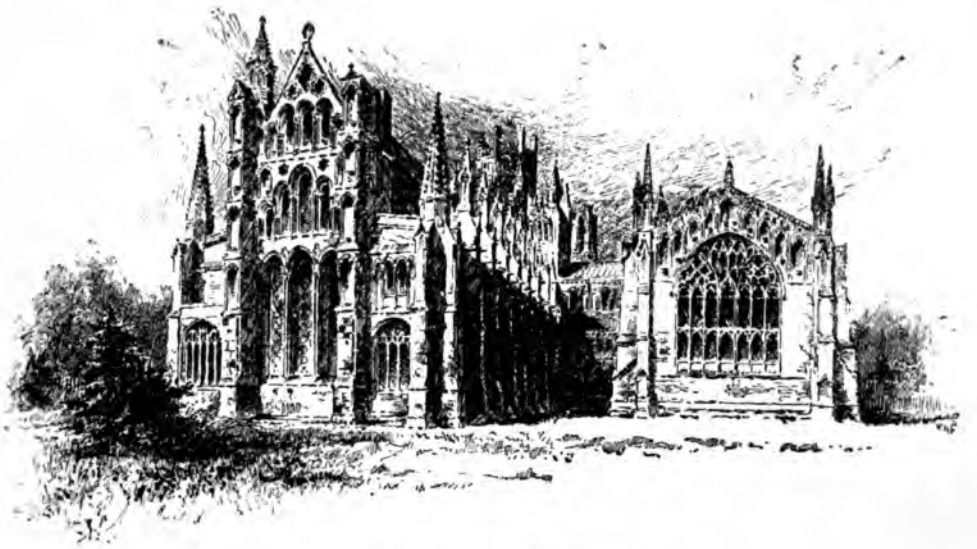
THE LADY CHAPEL.

observer, dividing, as they do, the work of Walsingham from that of Northwold.

A door in the north-east corner of the transept leads us into the Lady Chapel. Those who enter it for the first time will probably be astonished by the exuberance of its ornamentation, surrounded as it is by sedilia or stone stalls of most elaborate design, profusely adorned with sculpture of a very high order

of refinement and beauty. The statuettes throughout the chapel are, alas! headless, having been defaced by order of the Protector Somerset in 1547. It is vain to hope for the complete restoration of this gem of the Decorated period, begun in 1321, just before the fall of the tower, and continued, with energy and perseverance characteristic of the times, during twenty-eight busy and anxious years marked by vast and costly works. Since the Reformation it has been used as the church of the parish of the Holy Trinity in Ely, and we may rejoice that it is thus utilised, trusting that the days of apathy and negligence are quite gone by, in which the disfigurement of such a building by high pews and wretched benches could be approved or tolerated.

We pass into the open air at the corner of the transept, and, turning to our right, saunter round to the east end. Again, now, from the outside, we admire the great lancets. The three which appear in the gable give light to the attic above the vaults. The path leads us to an open space in which the chapter-house once stood, and as we round the corner of the wall on the left, we see, perhaps not without surprise, a series of Norman arches, adorned with the zig-zag moulding, and in good preservation, though now partially embedded in the walls of modern dwelling-houses. This church-like arcade belonged to the infirmary, or hospital, which in all great monastic establishments was located near or close to the church itself. But it had its own chapel, which here



THE EAST END AND LADY CHAPEL.

retains its vaulted roof, and serves as the library of one of the prebendal residences. Nearly opposite, on our right as we face the south, is the Guest Hall, converted at the Dissolution, or soon after, into a deanery, and much modernised. Adjoining it was the house of the prior, with the very charming chapel or oratory built by John Crauden, and probably designed by Alan of Walsingham. The "low windows" of this beautiful little building, one on each side, have long perplexed antiquaries. In ordinary cases such windows are supposed to have been inserted for the use of lepers, who, though excluded from the sanctuary, might witness the sacred mysteries from outside. But these windows are some ten or twelve feet from the ground, the chapel being built on a lofty crypt. Besides, care for lepers could have no place in designing a private oratory for the prior, within the precincts of his monastery. They must be considered a freak of fancy of the illustrious Prior Crauden and his friend the great architect. The chapel is abundantly lighted without them by six tall and graceful windows. A curious pavement, representing the Temptation of Adam and Eve, remains undisturbed. The "lioncelles" of the Plantagenets are conspicuous among the heraldic ornamentation.

Most of the buildings round us belong to collegiate houses, altered from the old buildings of the abbey, or occupying their sites.

The abbey! The very word seems obsolete, as we hear the merry laughter of little children playing in

the gardens of these houses. The grand old churchmen, with their architects and masons, had their day; right well they played their part—their noble works form their indestructible memorial: but the time came when other men, with other manners, were to fill their places.

The great change, the dissolution of the monastery in 1531, fell gently upon Ely. The revenues of the suppressed abbey were given by Henry VIII. and his advisers to a new corporate body, no longer bound by monastic vows; to a "Dean and Chapter," as it was then styled, and as it has been styled ever since that day. The last prior became the first dean; of the first eight canons, three had been senior monks; eight minor canons, eight lay-clerks or singing men, two schoolmasters, an organist, and singing-master, with servitors of various degrees, were supplied from the ranks of the junior and subordinate members of the abbey. To the citizens generally, the change must have been little more than nominal. No doubt the tenants on the abbey lands brought in their rents as they had ever done; it is believed, however, that the revenues had been much diminished by various causes; the state and dignity kept up by the old priors had long given place to more modest housekeeping. At the time of the Dissolution, the number of monks in residence within the precincts had fallen from seventy to fourteen, according to the estimate of some authorities. But the estates were sufficient to furnish adequate stipends for the working staff of the

new collegiate establishment, and before the close of the sixteenth century the relations between "town" and "college" must have been adjusted nearly as in our own day.



THE PRIOR'S DOOR.

But the reverent care bestowed upon the great church had come to an end. Bishop Goodrich, the last episcopal Lord Chancellor, a zealous promoter of the Reformation, carried out ruthlessly the injunctions

of the Privy Council, which ordered that "from wall and window every picture, every image commemorative of saint or prophet or apostle shall be extirpated and put away, so that there shall remain no memory of the same." Happily the order was not always perfectly obeyed. The iconoclasts seem to have strangely missed, for instance, a most curious and interesting series of eight groups of sculpture, forming the corbels or bases of large niches adorning the eight main piers of the octagon. To this day, these bas-reliefs relate the legendary history of Queen Etheldreda to all who choose to read it.

Treated with consideration by Henry, Ely was fortunate indeed in receiving gentle treatment from Oliver Cromwell. The potent Protector had a soft corner in his stern and hard heart for the old city and its Cathedral, for he had resided for some years in Ely, in a house known until recently as the "Cromwell Arms," and is said to have acted as a bailiff, or collector of rents, in early life, for the Dean and Chapter. There was no stabling of horses in the nave, or other gross profanation of the sacred building, as in many of the cathedrals. But the daily prayers were suspended in 1643-44, and it is probable that full choral service was not resumed until 1682, when a zealous and able musician, James Hawkins, was organist.

The See of Ely was filled, after this sad time, by a succession of learned and godly men; the Dean's stall was occupied by great scholars from the neigh-

bouring university; but the fabric of the church, on which Northwold and Alan, Hotham, Crauden, Montacute, had lavished such loving care, was utterly neglected. Defoe, in his "Tour through the Islands of Great Britain," published early in the eighteenth century, speaks of the Cathedral as evidently tottering to its fall, and likely in a very few years to become a total ruin.

This fate, however, was averted by the timely exertions of Bishop Mawson (1754-1770) and of Dean Allix (1730-1758); they called in the aid of James Essex, an ingenious and skilful builder or architect of Cambridge, under whose direction the most pressing and necessary repairs were ably carried out. And now, when we attend the daily service in Alan's choir, or when we join the large congregation which assembles thrice on each Sunday, under the vault of his octagon, we may well be thankful that we have fallen upon days when loving care and generous gifts are once more lavished upon the church of Etheldreda.

W. E. DICKSON.

NORWICH CATHEDRAL.

NORWICH CATHEDRAL.

IT is no exaggeration to say that the ancient edifice, the story of which is now to be so briefly told, is amongst the most interesting of all our great English cathedrals. It has weathered eight centuries of our national life. It has survived some of the most violent changes in our social, political, and religious history. It has witnessed scenes which would inspire the imagination of the poet, the genius of the painter, and arouse the sorrow of the saint. It has welcomed to the worship of Almighty God, beneath its storied roof, several of the sovereigns of England. It has continued to exhibit the original Norman plan to a greater degree than any other edifice of the same magnitude in England, and, while it cannot boast of a crypt or (now) of a Lady Chapel, yet it retains treasures and features which in England are unique, alike in their nature and extent. It represents, in a very rare and remarkable degree, what are so often found in individual, social, political, and religious life—viz., the way in which adversity

may minister to advancement, disaster to development, and even calamity to order, to beauty, to stability.

Such broad facts and general principles may fairly introduce some special ideas, which, as they appeal to our mental and moral nature, arouse both sympathy and curiosity, each of which is essential, if a visit to a great Norman cathedral is to be instructive and enjoyable.

Reversing the order of incident, by giving precedence to experience, one cannot but be interested by remembering the place this Cathedral occupied in the favour of our sovereigns.

The central tower was struck by lightning in 1271, just one hundred years after the conflagration which constrained Bishop William de Turbe to vow that he would not go further than twelve leagues from his church unless compelled by absolute necessity until it was restored. He is said to have taken his seat daily in a chair at the door of the Cathedral to ask contributions for its repair, and with such success that it was completely restored in two years.

In August 1272, the great church was assailed by a deadlier flame than that of electricity. The lightning of passion, in the hearts of men who represented the traditional feud between the citizens and the denizens of the monastery, kindled a conflagration, which consumed well-nigh everything except the Cathedral itself. "For three days," we learn, "the citizens continued burning, slaying, and committing



THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

depredations." This riot was so great and its growth so probable that Henry III. visited the city, took a personal share in the repression of disorder, and ere he left for Bury St. Edmunds, where he became mortally ill, he no doubt visited the Cathedral. The mischief, so far as it affected the structure, was repaired, and the church was re-dedicated in the episcopate of William de Middleton in 1278. The day of his consecration and enthronement—Advent Sunday—was set apart for the larger function. There were then present Edward I. and Queen Eleanora of Castile—a sovereign who was as ardent a patroness of literature as she was of tapestry. There was also present the Bishops of London, Hereford, and Waterford, each of whom consecrated an altar in the Cathedral—a function which shows that six hundred years ago episcopal etiquette was hardly as rigid and restrictive as it is known to be now.

Edward III. and Queen Philippa visited Norfolk in 1340, the Queen prolonging her stay, encouraging industry, and honouring the citizens, from February to Easter. Four years later, their Majesties vouchsafed to honour Norwich, residing probably at the prior's country-house at Trowse-Newton, and although we have no record of her appearance in the Cathedral, it is in the highest degree improbable that she would be the guest of the prior, occupy his suburban house, and not visit him and his cathedral. In 1350, Edward the Black Prince was present at a tournament. In 1383, Richard II. and his Queen "went a

progress," which reached its highest when they arrived in Norwich. In 1448, Henry VI. entered the city on Saturday, June 16, and took his departure on the Sunday. A little more than twelve months later his Majesty revisited the city by St. Benet's gates, and having stayed over the Sunday till Monday night, was entertained at the cost of the Bishop, the Prior, the Mayor and Commons.

In 1469 we find Edward IV. here, and fourteen years later Richard III. In 1486 Henry VII. was in the city, "where he kept his Christmas Day," and, while we know that the nobility were lodged at different places in the city and its neighbourhood we also know that "the King kept his court at the Priory," a considerable portion of which is in the present Deanery. Once again, Norwich and its great church were visited in 1578 by Queen Elizabeth. Sir Thomas Browne states that, to mark the royal visit, the north wall of the cloister was "handsomely beautified with the arms of some of the nobility in their proper colours, with their crests, mantlings, supporters, and the whole achievement quartered with the several coats of their matches, drawn very large from the upper part of the wall, and took up about half of the wall. They made a very handsome show, especially at that time when the cloister windows were painted unto the cross-bars. . . . But in the late times when the lead was faulty and the stonework decayed, the rain, falling upon the wall, washed them away." The presence of Queen Elizabeth



DISTANT VIEW OF NORWICH.

is perpetuated by a fact which is more durable than the work of the illuminator. "Queen Elizabeth's Seat" is within the Sanctuary, and in the bay nearest to the spot where the bones of Sir Thomas Erpingham lie. The adjacent column shows signs of steps having been erected there. The Queen's Seat was immediately in front of a hagioscope which is below the Confessio or Relic Chapel, a bridge spanning the processional path at this point. These structural facts exist. They are not likely ever to disappear. Archæology is vigilant in observing the "restorations," which, adopting this delusive euphemism, begin by turning an ancient building upside down, and end by turning it inside out. The *locus* of "Queen Elizabeth's Seat" is known, definite, traceable. It pleads, with silent pathos, to be let alone.

Between 1578 and 1894 the Cathedral has not been honoured by a visit from royalty. But in July, 1895, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales came to the Cathedral, to unveil the Bishop Pelham Memorial Throne, and since that date it has been favoured by two visits from their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York. The Princess Louise has also gone once to the Cathedral, and each and all manifested the keenest interest in its noble proportions, its Norman style, and its unique treasures.

The reader may probably confess to mild surprise that the city and Cathedral of Norwich should have been visited by Henry III., by Edward I. and Queen Eleanora of Castile, by Edward III. and Queen

Philippa, by several succeeding sovereigns of England, and by Queen Elizabeth. Nor will his surprise be chastened by recalling the different conditions under which locomotion was effected in those centuries, compared with those which prevail now. But if we remember that Norwich was once the second city in the kingdom, we shall understand the important position it attained in our national life, and that its greatest institution and most influential moral agency attracted even royal attention and enjoyed royal sympathy.

Still more interesting is the ecclesiastical side of its history, restricted as our view must be by such considerations as the witness it bears to the principle of consolidation, the immediate cause of its erection, and its structural unity. Norwich Cathedral was not begun, say, like Truro in our own day, as the local expression of local need, consequent upon the bisection of an old and the erection of a new diocese. It was rather the outcome, on a vaster scale than had ever been attempted in East Anglia, of previous efforts. The place had grown in numbers, in influence, in industries, in opulence. The Church should exhibit and exalt the expansion of local life. It should further gather up into its splendid enterprise all that had enriched the past, and by consolidation and the immortal vitalities of life, organic and corporate, it should transfer all, in nobler measure than had yet been possible, to the future. To Herbert de Losinga this high and pregnant work was entrusted.



LOOKING ACROSS THE CHOIR INTO THE SOUTH TRANSEPT.

The See of Norwich, founded in 1094—two short years before Herbert laid the first stone of the Cathedral—was the outcome of a smaller episcopate, localised in Thetford, in 1075; Thetford looked back to the union of the earlier Sees of Dunwich and Elmham, at the latter place, in 870, and to their

separate existence in 673; these looked back to the original foundation of the See at Dunwich, in 630. Thus, we see in Norwich the growth of East Anglian episcopacy, the expansion of its territorial area, and its unique official sides. Dunwich, Elmham, and Thetford were preparations for Norwich. And it is no disparagement of the holy men who laboured in Dunwich (Domnoc) twelve hundred years ago to say of them, what may be said of their successors in the later Sees, that each and all were unconscious of the pregnant power of their fertile and faithful work. Men who love God, and who give their lives for His cause, are content to work in the moral twilight of hope, as well as the gloom of darkness. Such souls, strong in their sense of the Eternal, possess themselves in patience, and inspired by love, by duty, and by God, they leave results to Him. Such were Felix the Burgundian, who first brought Christianity to East Anglia, and Furseus the Irishman, whose visions and vigils, so far from encouraging in him a merely contemplative life, inspired him to preach the Gospel, to organise his converts, and to build monasteries for the activities of sacred service. Thus Felix and Furseus prepared the way of the Lord for Herbert and his work.

The immediate cause of De Losinga's munificent and constructive purpose is believed to have been "an act of penance." Traffic in bishoprics is not possible even in an age which still condones traffic in benefices. But in the Norman period both were

freely practised. Indeed, simony defiled and degraded the primitive Church, and painfully early in the sub-apostolic period Eusebius states that Novatian obtained the See of Rome by corrupt practices, in 257. Simoniacal compacts appear amongst the Arians in 330, and St. Basil censures them in 370; St. Isidore of Pelusium, St. Chrysostom, Sulpitius Severus and St. Jerome, in 400. Augustine burns with indignation against this unholy venality. But we pass on to say that "the practice of selling the great offices of Church and State had come back with William Rufus, and bishoprics were once more offered to the highest bidder. The price was always enormous, and only they who had inherited large fortunes or amassed them were in a position to treat for the larger prizes." The king kept bishoprics vacant and appropriated their endowments until he was induced by a sufficiently large fee to exercise his patronage.

Herbert de Losinga's episcopal life—so strong, so varied, so fertile—was blighted by the commission of this sin, at its high official start. He paid £1,900 for the Bishopric of Thetford, and the Abbacy of Winchester was thrown in for his father. But Archbishop Anselm—learned, righteous, fearless—withstood both king and bishop. For the vindication of his honour and purity, Herbert is said to have engaged to Pope Urban that he would build a cathedral at Norwich, a great church at Lynn and at North Elmham, and a greater than either at Yarmouth. That he fulfilled his engagement, nobly

and munificently, is true. Probably, the Roman sacrament of penance was never so fertile, in any age or place, as it was when, in 1096, Herbert de Losinga laid the first stone of the great Norman church, which is more utilised to-day than at any period in the eight centuries of its history and existence.

There are some men who ever delight in contemplating the great side of all things in life, in history, in nature, in art, in science, in politics, in religion. Such men generally revel in great achievements. The founder of Norwich Cathedral was such a man. From the first he planned his work, and while he accomplished the greatest section of it, and others completed what he left undone, yet it was his design which they developed and completed. This has given to Norwich Cathedral that impression of unity which marks it off from other inspiriting constructions. To Herbert are attributed the choir, the first stage of the noble tower, the north and south transepts (the chapels which once radiated from each, but one of which has long since disappeared), the nave, as far as the west side of the present screen, together with the three sombre apsidal chapels, known as the Chapel of the Sacred Name on the north, the Lady Chapel on the east, and St. Luke's Chapel on the south. And yet it has been doubted whether the Norman Lady Chapel was ever erected. It is true the foundations have been discovered. Their apsidal outlines are within the rectangular foundations of the later Early English fabric, which was built by the Bishop Walter



THE SANCTUARY CHAMBER.

de Suffield, who held the see from 1245 to 1257. Is it probable that Suffield would have destroyed the Lady Chapel, which existed but 150 years, to erect his own? Is it reasonable to suppose that such a difficult and destructive work would be undertaken after such a brief experience of its existence and utility? Do men dilapidate structures solidly built

as were these apsidal chapels one hundred years or so after their erection?

Such inquiries may have a fair show of reason. They are best, because finally, answered by indisputable history. This we have in one of the most precious manuscripts belonging to Norwich Cathedral, and lodged safely in its treasury. It is known as the "Registrum Primum." Extracts from it were made by the learned Chapter Clerk, Dr. W. T. Bensly, and they were printed and circulated at the octo-centenary commemoration, in July, 1896. One of these extracts settles a point which has long been in dispute—viz., the exact position of the foundation-stone of the great edifice. In settling this it renders the completion of the Norman Lady Chapel all but certain. The passage referred to runs thus: "He began the work of his church in a place where is now the Chapel of the Blessed Mary, nearly in the middle of that chapel, and there he made an altar in honour of the Holy Saviour, and laid the stone in his work, on which was written, 'In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, Amen, I, Herbert the Bishop, have placed this stone.'" These words show that Herbert de Losinga began his great work in the Lady Chapel, and we cannot doubt that he continued to work westward. Is it probable that, having laid the first stone and the foundations, he would break off his work and resume operations on the margin of the processional path, raising the apse, &c., but leaving incomplete "the Chapel of the



BISHOPSGATE: ENTRANCE TO CLOSE.

Blessed Mary," and this when the *cultus* of the Virgin was rising in Western Europe?

This is surely a violent assumption. It ought to disappear on the production of the evidence afforded by the "Registrum Primum." Meanwhile, we are confronted with the fact that within a century and a half the original Lady Chapel was displaced and a larger edifice erected. Here we must remember the great fire of 1171. It is believed that it consumed the original Lady Chapel, and hence it was that, with the *cultus* of the Blessed Virgin on the ascending scale, Walter de Suffield erected the Lady Chapel which, later on, Gardiner demolished. With regard to the magnificent enterprise of Herbert de Losinga, we have a series of facts, every one of them being an inspiration after the lapse of eight centuries. We know that he began the work which is associated with his name in 1096, and in five years the choir was opened for divine service; sixty monks performed the sacred offices; and with but little interruption, prayers, praises, sacraments, and services have been rendered ever since to the honour of the Holy and Undivided Trinity.

The visitor to Norwich Cathedral who sees it from some elevated ground in the Upper Close, and looking from the south-west, would pronounce the view imposing, but for one consideration. The Cathedral is placed on the lowest ground in the city, and it is encompassed on the west, south, and east sides by houses, many of which are of red brick, and none of

which have even an approach to any structural excellence. It is true the beautiful cloisters, on the south side, which occupied one hundred and thirty-three years in building, interpose between the Cathedral and the ugly erections in the Close. But they hardly relieve the sense one feels of the venerable shrine being subject to intrusion and even to vulgar overcrowding. This sense rises to indignation when one passes to that part of the precinct known as Life's Green to see the east end, the site of Suffield's Lady Chapel. There, in consecrated ground, stands one of the most hideous buildings that was ever erected. Like all property in the Cathedral precinct, it belongs to the Dean and Chapter. Has that house any right to exist? Ought it not, on every ground, to be removed? Its demolition would reveal the east end, and afford the Dean and Chapter a rare opportunity of beautifying a side of the Cathedral which is entitled to it. It is here, however, that the proximity of residences to the ancient shrine does its worst, and misrepresents a minster which would otherwise appear to be little short of glorious.

The beauty of Salisbury, its majesty, charm, and grace, are dependent as much upon its separation from surrounding residences as upon its regularity, symmetry, and proportion. It rises, in eminence, from its green mead. It dominates everything near and far. But the greatness of Norwich Cathedral is marred and minimised by the petty structures which are so assertive and so intrusive. The length of the

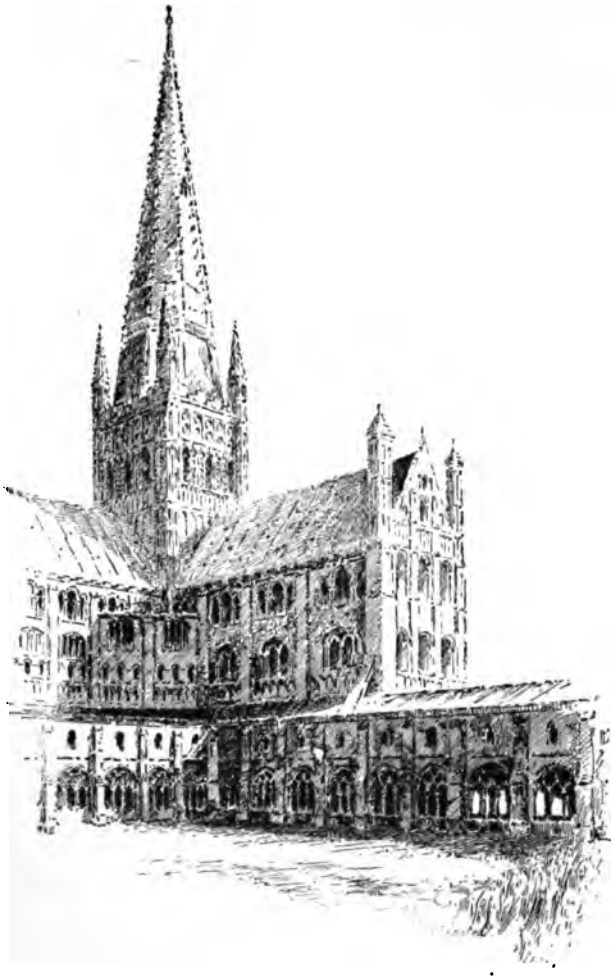
Cathedral is 410 feet. The nave, to the interception of the great transepts, is 250 feet—longer than the nave of any English cathedral except St. Alban's. Its height to the groined roof is seventy-two feet. The choir is forty-five feet wide, eighty-three feet high, and since the removal from the transepts of the ugly screens erected some fifty years ago it can accommodate about 1,500 persons. This church, mighty, and even majestic as it is, might be placed for length, not for breadth, upon the deck of one of the great Atlantic liners, and there would be about 120 feet to spare! From the west door the organ upon the Lyhart screen intercepts the view to the east end, and it must be owned that thus beheld the church seems rather narrow. It accordingly lacks the boldness which breadth and the absence of the sense of compression give to Lincoln and to Canterbury.

But no cathedral in England can boast of such a roof as that which is poised, with mathematised exactness, over the nave, presbytery, and transepts of the great Norwich shrine. Standing just inside the west door, the eye is attracted to it, in a gradually ascensive gaze. It is then arrested by it. It fastens upon it, until the emotional sense of the spectator is heightened to wonder and to praise. The roof is like a series of petrified palms. Each tree, true to its natural prototype, rises straight from a small pillar, as its trunk, and it sends out, in radiating curves and lines, its characteristic stems. These rise towards

the centre. The central stem from the one side meets its corresponding stem on the other, and forms a perfect line which is bisected by a boldly sculptured boss representing some sacred scene. These bosses are supported by others placed, with exquisite order and symmetry, upon the palm stems. There are several hundreds of them in the roof. They represent scenes in the Pentateuch and in the historical books of the Old Testament, from the Creation to the enthronement of Solomon. They depict some of the more prominent incidents in the history of our Lord, including the shepherds at the Nativity, the Flight into Egypt, the Baptism, as well as those of His later ministry. The mission of the Seventy and of the Twelve, the Last Supper, the Agony in the Garden, the Crucifixion, with its legal and lawless humiliations, the Entombment, the Resurrection, the Ascension, and the Judgment, are represented.

The roof of each transept is not less rich. It deals altogether with scenes from the New Testament. Thus the stone roof of Norwich Cathedral is sculpture-theology. The eyes of the devout worshipper, closed in contemplation, in penitence, in humility, may, when open, rest upon scenes which strengthen faith, elevate hope, and stimulate adoration. For the sculptured canopy is a progressive picture of what God has done amongst our fathers in the times of old.

The roof of the presbytery communicates humbler teaching. The bosses consist chiefly of a well and its



THE SOUTH TRANSEPT AND CLOISTER GARTH.

parapet, adorned in gold, and so revealing the name of the prelate who erected the roof, Bishop Goldwell. It is as well to remember that each roof owes its existence to what would be regarded as a misfortune. The Normans ever constructed their roofs of wood, and generally with ceilings either flat as in Peterborough or waggon-shaped as in Norwich—flat in the centre, sloping at each side. The nave roof was destroyed by fire, which was originated by lightning. It rendered a complete restoration necessary. This was partly effected by the munificence of Bishop Lyhart (1445-72), whose arms and device—a *hart* lying in the *water*—express, after a fashion, his name, Walter Ly-hart. He was succeeded by James Goldwell, who held the bishopric till 1498-99. The ruin inflicted by the conflagration which raged in Lyhart's episcopate had not been entirely repaired. About one hundred years before Lyhart's régime, Bishop Percy added the light and graceful clerestory in the presbytery, and it remained for Goldwell to perfect the work by adding the stone roof within and the flying buttresses without.

But the transepts were still covered by ancient timbers. The earlier part of the sixteenth century was a woeful time for Norwich. There were no less than three great conflagrations in a very few years. These brought desolation to hundreds of residences and to thousands of families, the more so as the citizens apparently had not learned the importance of making provision to extinguish fires.

On St. Thomas's Day, in 1509, a fourth fire broke out. It assailed this holy and beautiful house. The sacristy and its contents were destroyed. The roof of the north and south transepts were consumed. Bishop Nix, inspired by the noble generosity of Lyhart and of Goldwell, resolved to erect stone vaulting over each transept, and thus the whole work was accomplished by three bishops in less than one hundred years. The roof of the nave is twelve feet six inches below the outer covering of lead, and that of the transepts and presbytery just one foot less. Some idea of the weight of the magnificent nave vaulting may be gained from the fact that its thickness, wherever the bosses are, is as much as eleven inches, the spandrels being seven; while the bosses of the Goldwell roof are eighteen inches thick and the spandrels seven. How few of the crowds who now throng this great Cathedral know that, as they worship, there are hundreds of tons of stone suspended over their heads! The character of the workmanship may be gauged by the fact that one may walk on the stone roof from end to end of the nave, transepts, and presbytery, with the utmost confidence.

Nearly midway between the west door and the Lyhart screen, and in the centre of the nave roof, a circular opening is seen. What was its use? Why should it be, as it is, nearly in the centre, as regards the length of the nave, exactly in the centre for the breadth of the vault? This aperture has caused great perplexity to the learned. The Sacrists' Rolls seem



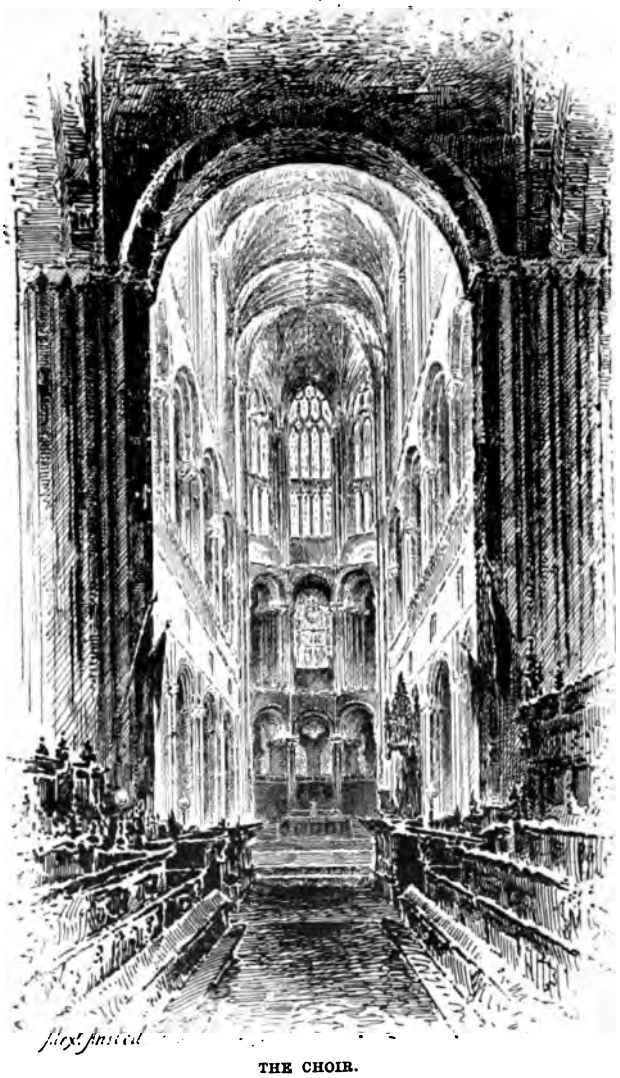
THE NAVE.

to record the aim and end which this opening was designed to serve and to dispel the perplexity. Through this aperture, which is one foot eleven inches and three-quarters in diameter, the figure of an angel was let down on the Feast of the Holy Trinity, and since 1264, on the Feast of Corpus Christi. The angel censed the rood and the crowds who gathered in the nave. The Sacrists' Rolls, in the Treasury of the Cathedral, contain the various items of expenditure connected with this solemnity. We have the entries showing the cost of the repairs of the angel, the silverfoil for his wings, the name of one Robert Ocle, who managed the angel between the year 1423-40, and the fact that the angel descended in the presence of the king, in the year 1487, at Easter.

From the contemplation of this series of sermons in stones, perpetuating as they do the most sacred beliefs of man, we turn to the columns which support the spacious triforium and divide the aisles, north and south, from the nave. These piers, in their variety, their massiveness, their strength, impress one with the conviction that Eborard, as the successor of Herbert de Losinga, had faith in the perpetuity of religion, and had the eternal ages as the outlook of the Church. Their height from the floor to the level of the triforium is twenty-four feet six inches. The columns vary in their structures. Some have one shaft or column in front. These are twenty-eight feet six inches in circumference, and one single course contains

thirty-two stones. Others have two columns in front, are thirty-six feet in circumference, and have thirty-five stones in one course; and there are two fluted columns near to the screen, which are twenty-three feet ten inches in circumference, with twenty stones to a course. The core of each of these massive columns is of flint, grouted in cement. So hard and so durable are they that nothing but artillery could demolish them. They serve the practical purpose of supporting the most spacious triforium of all English cathedrals, for in the nave and presbytery it is wide enough to admit of a pair of two-horse carriages running abreast. It has been recently covered with cement, and is now scrupulously clean as well as admirably preserved.

There are at least three objects of interest in the nave. In the seventh and eighth bays on the south side there are Bishop Nix's tomb and chantry. The tomb is of Purbeck marble. The chantry was designed by the Bishop, so that masses might be offered continually for the repose of his soul. The iron in the column was for the sacring bell, and that the chapel fulfilled its purpose for some time does not admit of doubt. There are indications of the existence of an altar. The piscina stands to the left of it. Canopied niches, with mutilated pedestals, show that the chantry was adorned after the manner of the time and the creed. The rounded pedestals tell of the fierce iconoclasts who, in a white heat of frenzy, not only removed the images, but, by mutilating the



THE CHOIR.

pedestals on which they stood, had an eye to the rigid and icy religion of their future.

In the north aisle, and opposite the chantry of Bishop Nix, there is an arch, the head of which is very beautifully carved. This was the entrance to the Green Yard, where on high days sermons used to be preached in the open air, in what is now the episcopal garden. On such occasions the civic authorities attended in full pomp and circumstance, while others more exalted secured a place for hearing in the windows of the palace. The nave also contains the beautiful pulpit presented to the Cathedral in 1891 by the late devout and beloved Dean, Dr. Goulburn. It is very highly sculptured, and does infinite credit to Mr. James Forsyth. It is a welcome and generous addition to the nave, as prior to its erection the pulpit used was mean, unsightly, and unworthy.

The choir of Norwich Cathedral, as it is eight hundred years after its foundation stone was laid, presents the tender beauty of the past in happy conjunction with the utility of the present. The modern spirit craves for the recognition of the needs of the masses. The ancient spirit pleads that this may be attained without deranging the order, or marring the symmetry, of work which has survived the shock, and even the convulsions of centuries. The vast transepts, whose areas are covered with chairs, represent the spirit of the age, the extinction of privilege, and religion provided for and enjoyed by the democracy. The four piers of the tower—each course in each pier

containing twenty-four stones—unflaked of their hideous veneer of ochre, reveal the old Norman setting, the tooling, and the grandeur of mass; while the repose and strength of the plinths assert with pathos and with power the ancient spirit. The poppy-heads of the stalls here and there contain the small holes into which the candles were thrust, by the light of which offices were recited, prayers were prayed, and the psalter was chanted. High along the string course, on a level with the floor of the triforium, is now a line of light which extends along the presbytery, along the beauteous apse, along each transept, and which, when lighted, presents a scene of magnificence and of brilliancy. The carving of the stalls is exquisite, though the misereres must have been, to many a drowsy brother, all but agonising. They are about four hundred years old. The transepts, the accommodation in which has been enlarged since the removal of the vulgar screens in 1894, are, for proportion, noble and even majestic.

In the north transept, four recesses, alongside the Early English windows, have been reopened, as has also some of the loveliest arcading in England, immediately below the groined roof, and all of which were, till 1894, bricked up. Here the antiquary will be arrested by some Saxon heads which protrude from the north side. He will also be amazed by a piece of rare hatchet work, with rectangular devices over the entrance to the triforium. Here may be seen the recumbent effigy of the late Hon. and

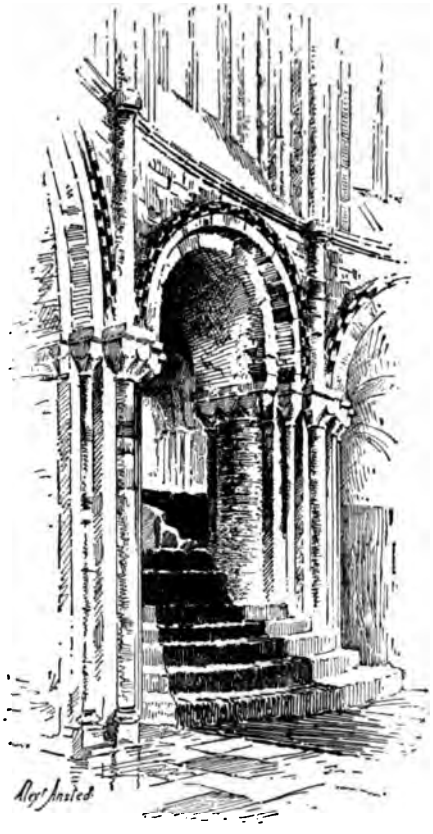
Right Rev. Bishop Pelham, carved in snowy Carrara, and reposing upon costly marbles. In the south transept, and in its west wall, may be seen Norman windows, rescued from use as coal stores, and bearing alongside and in the soffits of the arch frescoes which reveal an age of seven hundred years. Time was when the area of each transept was covered by unsightly and somewhat expensive pews. Their removal from the south transept revealed what hundreds had forgotten, and what thousands had never known, the meridian line cast on the floor when, on a certain day, the sun shines through an aperture in the central window at noon.

Passing through the old processional path into the presbytery, we see the pulpit presented by many Norwich friends to commemorate the decanate of Dean Goulburn, and the highly carved throne to commemorate the episcopate of Bishop Pelham. To the right there is the canopied tomb of Bishop Goldwell. The figure is robed with every vestment which entered into recent ecclesiastical litigation. At the bases are ten niches, once occupied by as many figures. They were destroyed in the riots which are described in Bishop Hall's "Hard Measure."

Of the sixty-five bishops of Norwich, twenty-nine were interred in the Cathedral, and very few of their tombs are recognisable. Three remarkable bishops have been commemorated. Bishop Overall's tablet is in the bay next to Bishop Goldwell. He was the author of that part of the Church Catechism which

treats of the Sacraments. We are indebted to Cosin, Bishop of Durham—once Overall's secretary—for this precious memento. Bishop Horne, who wrote a devotional commentary on the Psalms, though buried in Eltham, Kent, is commemorated by a mural slab in the first bay on the north side. Bishop Reynolds, buried in the palace chapel, was the author of one of the most comprehensive thanksgiving prayers in the language—the General Thanksgiving. The rest of the bishops of Norwich have passed out of popular remembrance. Nor are they commemorated in the Cathedral in which they rest, with the exception of the dignified and genial Bishop Bathurst, whose monument is in the south transept. It is the last work of the renowned Chantrey. The Founder's tomb is in front of the Holy Table, and, recalling the disturbances to which it has been subject, the Latin inscription might bear the addition of one more word —*tandem*. Looking up to the Goldwell roof, and over the Founder's tomb, a small orifice in the centre of a boss appears. Through this hole a chain hung, from which was suspended the lamp which burned perpetually before the Host.

If material or moral value is appraised by the rarity of an object, then there is in Norwich Cathedral the most valuable episcopal *sedes* in all England. Behind the Holy Table and above seven semi-circular steps, erected to mark its *locus*, there are the ruins of the episcopal throne, occupied in the early part of the twelfth century, and for succeeding generations.



THE ANCIENT BISHOP'S THRONE.

The *sedes* is stone. The right arm is mutilated. The left is in much better condition. The masonry on which it reposes is as hard as adamant. In the bays on either side may be seen the remains of two plain

stone benches, which served as sedilia for the secular clergy in attendance on the bishop, and whose place in the Cathedral was different from that of the regulars or monks, who occupied the stalls of the choir. From the elevated position fixed and shown by the chair, the ancient Norman bishop descended to celebrate mass at the high altar. In doing so he adopted the westward position and faced the congregation. This shows that orientation, as the position of the celebrant, is so far unhistorical. When the choir was restored, and the late Archbishop of Canterbury came to re-open it, his Grace occupied the ancient *sedes*, attended by consessors who occupied stalls corresponding to the ancient sedilia of the regulars. He gave the benediction as it was given from that chair eight hundred years before.

Space will not admit of more than mention of the beautiful Norman apsidal chapels, the processional walks, the Seven Sacraments font, the rare specimens of transition Norman, the tower, the spire, or the few tombs of any note in this noble Cathedral. But what is submitted will, it is hoped, abundantly justify the claim here made for it. Norwich Cathedral represents some of the loftiest expressions of religious fervour. It commemorates many of the saddest incidents in our national life. It conserves the unstinted consecration of time, talent, treasure, and love, to the adoration of God and the elevation of man. It has presented to the Most High the sacrifice of praise, in varied forms, for well-nigh thirty genera-

tions of human life, with the regularity of ocean tides, and in swelling waves of song. It pleads in pathetic, if not plaintive, eloquence, with the sinful, the sordid, the struggling, and the weary, to accept from Pierced Hands the peace which passeth all understanding. It proclaims an immortality of which its years are but the vestibule, and by Word and by Sacrament it prepares men for the life that knows no ending.

W. LEFROY.

ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY.

ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY.

SUPPOSE we come by the North-Western, which, though not the shortest route, lands us upon the old road leading over the river Ver and up into the city of St. Albans, the tower of the Abbey, partly hidden by trees, meets our eyes at once. If we go down a green lane to the left we shall come upon the site of Verulam, where the story of the great church begins. Nothing whatever of this city (which in Roman times shared with York the honour of being a *municipium*) is left except a few fragments of its outer walls. From it, in the year 303, was dragged Alban, a Roman civilian who had given shelter to a Welsh Christian priest, and who had himself confessed the Christian faith. After being scourged he was taken along the ancient British causeway, which still remains, across the river Ver, and up the lane to the top of the hill afterwards called Holmhurst, where he was put to death. Many centuries later (in 1077) the very bricks of the city followed the martyr to the site of his death, and may now be seen composing the

whole of the central tower and the greater part of the nave and transept.

What stories one of these red Roman tiles could tell! They have witnessed every form of human suffering and human glory. Like the coins which to this day are found in a field called Black Grounds, on the site of Verulam, they speak to us of the days of Claudius and of Nero. They have heard the groans of the seventy thousand people who are said by Dion Cassius to have been slaughtered by Boadicea in A.D. 61, and the angry shouts of the heathen populace during the reign of Diocletian.

On reaching the top of Abbey Lane, stop for one moment to look at the beautiful gateway, once the grand entrance to the monastery, and successively a place of confinement for refractory monks, a prison in the time of the French war, and a gaol for criminals, and now appropriated for the use of the St. Albans Grammar School. It is almost the only relic of the conventual buildings that is still left. The rest of the monastery is represented by large irregular mounds covered with grass. After looking at the west end, which has been rebuilt at the expense, and from the designs, of Lord Grimthorpe, we enter the Abbey of St. Albans by the west door, which is open all the year round after 10 A.M.

It is best, if possible, to see the church in the summer, when the heavy curtain which has to be drawn in winter is pulled on one side, allowing the eye to travel past the screen on which the organ



THE GREAT GATEWAY OF THE MONASTERY (NOW GRAMMAR SCHOOL).

stands, to the eastern window of the presbytery. The length of the whole building is exceeded only by that of Winchester, while the length of the nave is surpassed by that of no other Gothic church.

As we shall return by the nave again, we will begin by walking towards the east end, and through the glass door in the south aisle.

But even at the first glance we are struck by the three, if not four, styles of architecture which meet our eyes. On the left are the round rude arches of the first Norman builder, Paul de Caen, 1077, joined somewhat awkwardly towards the west to the beautiful Early English work of John de Sellâ (or of Studham), 1195, and of W. de Trumpington, 1214. This again joins, on the south side, the Decorated work of Richard Wallingford, 1326, and Michael de Mentmore, 1335, which replaced the ruin caused by the sudden fall of the southern arches in 1323.

It is, I think, Ruskin who has pointed out that the difference between the Byzantine architecture, from which the Norman is evidently derived, and the pointed Gothic, is a reflection of the difference between Eastern and Western Christianity. The essence of the Eastern faith is repose and quiet, unbroken custom and tradition, and its symbols are the soft rounded arch and the prevailing horizontal lines. The essence of the Western faith is constant growth and endless aspiration, and its spirit is wonderfully reflected in the pointed windows, the soaring arches, and the towering spires of the Gothic builders. Now

the worshippers at St. Alban's Cathedral (numbering over two thousand) have the advantage of both these influences.

Are we inclined

> "To strive to wind ourselves too high
> For mortal man beneath the sky"?

Then we look while we pray at the calming, quieting north side of the nave, with its simple, massive detail, and it says to us, as plainly as stones can speak, "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." "Study to be quiet."

Are we inclined to be contented with what we are, and discontented only with what we have? Then we look at the south side, and we hear the echo of the old Jewish rabbi's saying, "The reward of doing one duty is the power to perform another"; or the cry of Longfellow's hero as he climbed the mountain with "Excelsior" on his flag.

Leaving the nave for the present, we make our way eastward beyond the screen, falsely called St. Cuthbert's screen, but really the rood-screen which separated the choir of the monks from the great nave where the public services were held. We are now in a part of the great church which is purely Norman, except for the blocked windows of the triforium, which were filled in by John of Wheathampstead, 1420.

It is at this point that the visitor can trace the whole history, or, as we should say now, the evolution of the triforium. The first rude form can be seen



ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY FROM SOUTH-WEST.

just behind the organ as a slab of stone pierced with a cross *pommée* to admit some light to the passage over the roof of the aisle. Then we see the arch enriched with smaller arches and ringed pillars, as in the north and south transepts. Then there are the Early English and Decorated forms in which, as in all good architecture, a necessary structure is transformed into a thing of beauty.

In the north transept, on its west wall, just under a round-headed window, is a small black cross cut in stone. This marks a traditional site of the martyrdom of St. Alban, when there was neither town nor abbey in this place, but only a flowery slope planted with trees, as described by Bede. Here, within a few years after St. Alban's death in 303, the first church was built. "Ecclesia est mirandi operis et ejus martyris condigna."—*Bede*, i. 7.

A second and probably larger one was built by Offa, King of Mercia, in 793, about fifty years after Bede's death. Offa had murdered Ethelbert, King of the East Angles, and, in the hope of expiating his crime, determined to found a monastery in honour of St. Alban. Of Offa's church nothing now remains, unless it be part of the east wall of the transept, in which two rude Saxon windows may be seen bricked up and bedded in the masonry; inside there are ringed Saxon pillars with Norman capitals and bases in the triforium of the north and south transepts. Pillars like these, apparently turned in a lathe, were discovered during the restoration of the two Saxon

churches of St. Peter's at Monkwearmouth and St. Paul's at Jarrow-on-Tyne, which were both founded by Benedict Biscop in the seventh century. On the inner side of the arch leading to the north presbytery aisle there is a curious fresco of King Offa.

On the east wall of the north transept there is another fresco. It is intended by the artist (unknown) to represent the appearance of our Lord to St. Thomas. St. Thomas has his hand placed under our Lord's arm. A scroll issues from the Saviour's mouth bearing the inscription in abbreviated Latin, "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed"; while out of St. Thomas's mouth issue the words, "My Lord and my God."

This formed part of a series of paintings of the History of the Passion and History of the Resurrection, the object of which is explained in a curious description of all the altars and tombs in the Abbey, written in the year 1429. It is worth quoting, as it shows how much teaching was conveyed in the Middle Ages by pictures, symbols, and carvings.

"For the explanation of the same pictures and mysteries of this altar it is to be noted that, like as the truth of the Transfiguration of our Lord Jesus Christ on Mount Tabor was made plain to five witnesses, namely, to three disciples and two prophets, so the salvation of the world, which the Saviour thereof vouchsafed to accomplish in the midst of the earth (that is, in Jerusalem, which is situate in the midst of the habitable world), on the



THE ABBEY FROM HOLYWELL BRIDGE.

Mount of Calvary, by the testimony of the chief Prophets of His Passion, Jeremiah, namely, and Isaiah, and of the chief and chosen witness of His Resurrection, His disciple Thomas, He willed to set forth in the midst of our church, at the altar placed near the public path, where many persons pass by and go out, that the Scriptures and their life-giving testimonies may be the oftener read and seen.

"Now there is in that place two true columns, the shafts whereof denote love to God and one's neighbour, whereby hang all the Law and the Prophets; one of these, of the colour of the earth, signifies our humiliation according to the passage, 'Remember that thou art dust and unto dust shalt return,' and reaches from the base of humility unto its capital with the turret of charity. But the other, red with the blood of our Saviour, besprinkled at His scourging, denotes His victory and honour: its

shaft, as above, is extended from the base of virtue unto the capital of the turret of honour."

On these columns (now destroyed) were inscribed externally the emblems of the Passion in the following verses (the original is in Latin) :

"Bonds, the scourge, the threats, the column, the spitting, and the thorns. Derision, blows, the stripping, lance and nails. The cross with reed and sponge. This (passion) is the cause of praise to the faithful.

"And lest any one (the record continues) deceitfully attribute to himself the gifts of God alone, in the hands of angels standing together in the said turrets are written these verses :

> "Whatever merit a man has, preventing grace gives.
> God crowns nothing in us except His own gifts.

"There are also two angels sent from the court of heaven to comfort the only begotten Son of God the Father in the agony of His Passion, and to relate to the same celestial court His glorious victory, the salvation of men and the restoration of the tenth, the lost order of angels. And in order that the memory of the boundless love of Christ may the more firmly abide in the minds of His worshippers, and that a man may most humbly admit his own wretched state, between the History of the Resurrection and of the Passion it is thus written :

> "Mors tua, mors Christi, fraus mundi, gloria cœli
> Et dolor inferi sint memoranda tibi."

(The word *memoranda* can now be deciphered.)

"In cruce sum pro te: qui peccas desine pro me:
Desine, condono: pugna, juvo; vince, corono,"

Which may be thus translated:

"Thy death, the death of Christ, the deceit of the world, the glory of heaven, and the grief of the under world are to be remembered by thee.

"I am on the cross for thee: thou who sinnest, cease for my sake.

"Leave off (thy sin), I pardon: fight, I help: conquer, I crown."

"It is to be noted," continues the monk, "that one attains from humility by the column of the love of God and one's neighbour to the turret of charity, and by virtue and uprightness of life one comes to the turret of honour, as John says in his Epistle, 'God so loved the world that He sent His only begotten Son, that we might receive the adoption of sons.'"

The text is a mixture of John iii. 16 with Gal. iv. 5.

One or two interesting points may be noted in the above record of 1429.* One is the mention of a public path. The numerous pilgrims to the Abbey probably approached the shrine by the Wax-house Gate (now an archway leading from the town), where tapers could be obtained for offering at the shrine. Then they must have entered by the north transept door, and would see in front of them the back of the

* Re-edited, with excellent Notes, by the late Ridgeway Lloyd, in 1873; though we fear the edition is now out of print.

great stalls. These, as we may judge by the places cut to receive them, must have been about twenty feet high, and have effectually prevented the public in either transept from intruding into the presbytery or monks' choir.

Perhaps we cannot do better, as pilgrims of the nineteenth century, than follow this path, even though we are now at liberty to enter where of old no layman, still less woman, might dare to venture. The path leads to the left out of the north transept, in which we have lingered so long, and brings us to the back of Abbot Ramryge's chantry tomb. Both front and back are richly carved, and the inside is elaborately vaulted in stone.

Abbot Ramryge was the last but three of the abbots, 1492-1530. Hardly any record of him remains but this tomb, which he probably erected before his death. Carved in clunch, in the small spandrels of the door may be seen the scourging and the execution of St. Alban. In the latter there is a tree to represent the woodland of Holmhurst, a cross in the martyr's hand to show that he was a Christian; the head is separate from the body by one-sixteenth of an inch, and the eye-ball of the executioner, about the size of a pin's head, is on his cheek, a judgment upon him, according to the old tradition. The symbols of the Passion, as quoted above, are carved in minute detail on one side of the door, and on the other a rebus on Ramryge's name in the shape of two rams' heads and two ryges, or

CATHEDRAL FROM MARKET-PLACE.

ridges. A similar rebus of a beck (brook) running into a barrel for Bishop Bekington is to be seen at Wells.

Opposite to Abbot Ramryge's tomb (of which his body was dispossessed to make room for the body of some one else) is the tomb of Wheathampstead, containing also the magnificent brass of Thomas de la Mare, which for beauty and delicacy of design it would be hard to match anywhere. This memorial was probably executed before his death in 1396, for the blank space left to record the close of his life, &c., has never been engraved. To describe this in detail would be tedious. It must be seen, or perhaps "rubbed," to be appreciated.

But there are curious, unnoted features in the chantry of Wheathampstead, in which, for security's sake, De la Mare's brass is placed.

I. The curious device inside and outside of a beast chewing the vine, a symbol of Satan devouring the Church.

II. The fact that it is in the shape of an arch like that of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, which is on the south side of the Saint's Chapel, behind the great altar-screen.

Abbot John of Wheathampstead was twice elected, in 1420 and 1450. Traces of his work can, or rather could, until the recent alterations, be found all over the Abbey. His own symbol is on his tomb in the design of three wheat-ears, with the motto in Latin, "The valleys shall stand thick with corn," in allusion to his birthplace, which is still famous for its

seed-wheat. His abbey-symbol, as appears from an inscription over the arch of the tower, is the lamb and the eagle. You see this in his beautiful ceiling overhead, in a window in the north aisle of the nave, and it was engraved on basins, &c., for the use of the Abbey.

Of the many persons buried near the high altar the memorial brasses of but two remain. One is that of Anthony de Grey, who is in full armour, with a gentle smile on his brass face. His name-plate, which has been carried off, used to record the fact that he married the fourth "hole sister to our sovraine ladye," namely, Elizabeth Woodville, wife of Edward IV. The other is that of Robert Beauner, 1470. His brass reads us a lesson. He was a humble servant of the monastery for forty-three years. He served in the refectory, in the kitchen, and in the infirmary. He died in humble penitence and faith, for this last prayer issues from his mouth, "Cor mundum crea in me, Deus!" (Create in me a clean heart, O God!), and in his hands he holds a heart, from which six tears are dropping, said to indicate his sense of sin.

Before we leave this central part of the Abbey we must look at the ceiling westward of the tower. We find a series of paintings on panels of a date between 1368 and 1376. They were found in 1876, *i.e.*, about five hundred years afterwards, almost by accident, under a very inferior painting, which was removed with great skill and care.

The ceiling contains sixty-six panels, each of which bears a coat-of-arms beautifully emblazoned. They comprise the arms of St. Edmund; of St. Alban; of St. Oswyn, King of Northumbria; of St. George, St. Edward of England, and St. Louis of France; of the Emperors of the Romans, the Emperor Constantine, and the King of the Jews. This last design is a crucifix, and represents our Lord at the only time when His rightful earthly title was assigned to Him.

The selection of arms which follows is a peculiar one. They are those of the Kings of Spain, of England, of Portugal, of Sweden, of Cyprus, of the Isle of Man, the shield of Faith (a triple Tau), and the shield of Salvation, representing the instruments of the Passion. These last two form the middle row in the ceiling, and, as Mr. Lloyd remarks, give it a special dignity by having devices that are sacred, instead of heraldic.

The last five rows towards the west are occupied by the arms of the Kings of Aragon, of Jerusalem, of Denmark, of the Dukes of Brittany, of Bohemia, of Lord Thomas of Woodstock (youngest son of Edward III.), of the Kings of Sicily, Hungary, and France, of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, of Edward the Black Prince, and of Edmond of Langley (the fifth son of Edward III.). Last come the shields of the King of Norway, of Navarre, and of Scotland. The shields are, therefore, allotted to four classes, namely, saints, European sovereigns, the divine

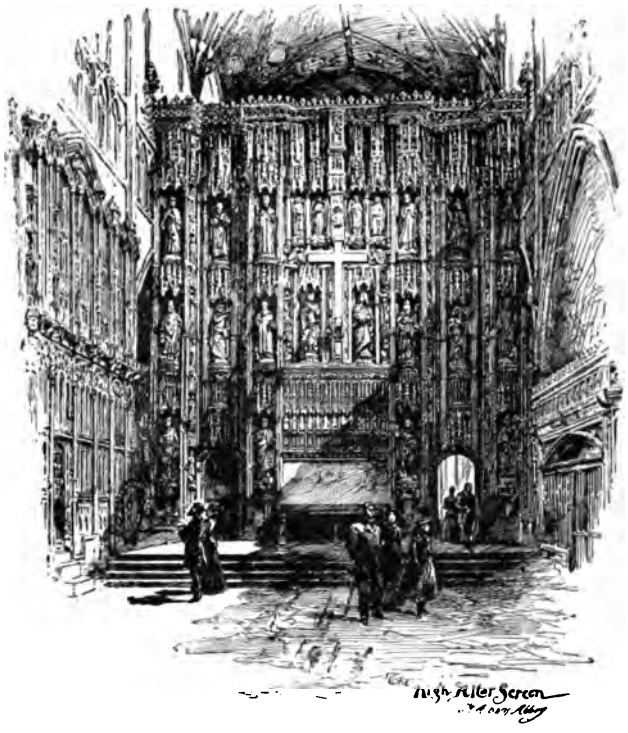
persons of the Trinity, and to four out of the seven sons of Edward III.

It is to be noted that Russia and Greece are omitted, and also two out of the six sons of Edward III., namely, William of Hatfield, who died an infant, and is buried in the north aisle of the choir of York Minster, and Lionel, Duke of Clarence, who died in 1368. This date, then, marks the beginning of the series of paintings, which were probably executed before 1402.

Three of the King's sons are mentioned in the "Liber de Benefactoribus" as having contributed gifts to the monastery. Each panel, which contains a figure bearing a shield, has also an inscription above the shield, consisting of portions of the *Te Deum*, amounting to twenty-three out of twenty-nine clauses; but in the first two rows the inscriptions are taken from the antiphons in the Sarum and Roman breviaries for Trinity Sunday.

In his interesting and elaborate paper of 1867, Mr. Lloyd happily suggests that "the ceiling was made to re-echo as it were the glorious hymn of praise which the monks were chanting in their stalls below."

From where we now stand we turn to look at the screen of the high altar, which was erected by Abbot William Walyngforde. It is believed to be unique, for neither the screen at Winchester, nor that at All Souls, Oxford, can equal it either in point of size or of grace in design. And though all the figures are



modern, and much of the tabernacle work has had to be renewed, yet with such skill and sympathy has the work been done (by Mr. Hems, of Exeter), that in its best days the screen can never have looked more beautiful than now. All the statues were destroyed at the time of the Reformation, and as, with the exception of "St. Erasmus," it is not known what these figures were, the restorer, Mr. Hucks Gibbs, now

Lord Aldenham, has adopted the plan of illustrating the history of the Church of England from the earliest times, beginning with St. Alban in 303, and ending with St. Richard of Chichester in 1253.

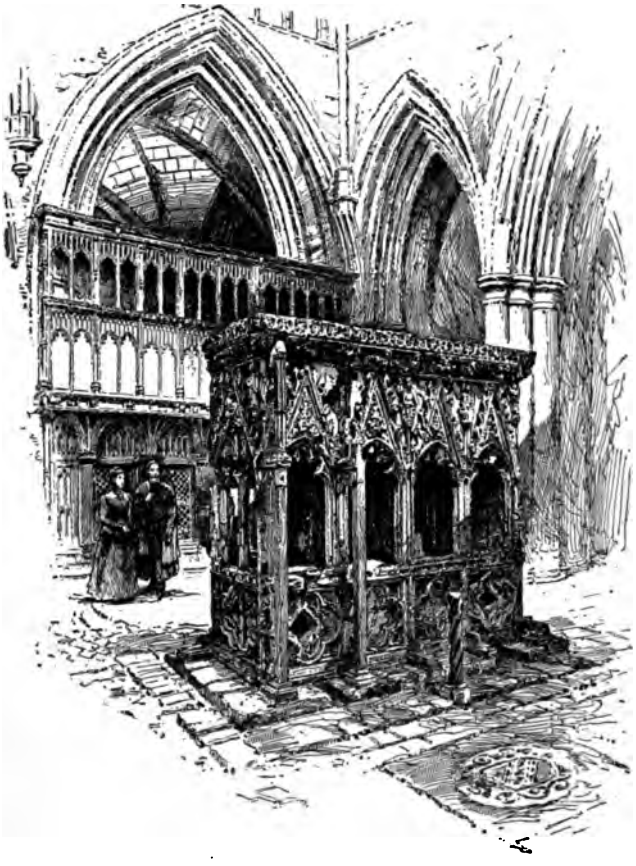
The saints who are or were in the English Calendar are included among the smaller figures. In the centre is the cross, but as yet without the figure of our Lord upon it. Above and below the two arms of the cross are eight angels. On each side are St. Mary and St. John. Below these again are the figures of the twelve apostles, in the centre of whom is our Lord seated in majesty.

The latter, about eighteen inches high, are in white alabaster, and can be identified by the symbols which they bear. St. Peter has his keys and book, St. Andrew his cross and book, St. Philip a T-square; St. James the Less, St. Bartholomew, St. Thomas, and St. Simon bear the instruments of their passion.

Below these again, and forming the reredos, there is to be a group representing the sacred body of the Lord as taken down from the cross, attended by His mother and the two Maries, with soldiers and other figures in the background.

The large figures in the upper row on the right hand are those of the Venerable Bede, of Pope Adrian IV., and of St. Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln.

Bede is in his monk's dress, and holds in his hand his famous ecclesiastical history, to which we owe nearly all our knowledge of English Church history before the eighth century.



SHRINE OF ST. ALBAN AND WATCHERS' GALLERY.



Adrian IV., who stands to the left of Bede, is famous as the only Englishman who became Pope. His connection with St. Alban's was a curious one. His father, already a monk, asked that his son might be admitted to the Abbey. But Nicholas Brakespear, for such was his name, was not considered sufficiently learned by the abbot of that day. So he went abroad, and by-and-by rose to be first Abbot of St. Rufus, near Valencia, and finally Pope in 1154. It is a curious fact that the family of Brakespear is still represented in St. Alban's, and that a farm at King's Langley is still called Brakespear's Farm.

St. Edmund's statue on the upper row has a sceptre in his right hand, and arrows in his left. He was King of East Anglia in 855, and was slain by the Danes in 870. His martyrdom is represented on the north door at Wells, and on a curious mural painting of 1450 at Pickering Church, in Yorkshire.

Leaving the altar screen, through the doorway on the right of the altar, we pass into the Saint's Chapel. On the back of the altar screen are statues of St. Stephen, St. Michael, and St. Peter, Virgin and Child, and St. John the Baptist. Here is the shrine of St. Alban. In the sixteenth century it was destroyed and used for building material. But from fragments found bedded in a wall, and put together with great skill and perseverance by Mr. Chapple, it has recently been restored. The shrine is carved in clunch-stone, and was once richly painted and gilt. On the western end can still be seen the martyrdom

of St. Alban, on the eastern face the Transfiguration. Whether or not—and there are grave doubts on the matter—it ever contained the relics of St. Alban, it beautifully suggests the faith of the makers. What a mixture of puerile fable was added to their faith may be seen in the stories told in the "Gesta Abbatum." First, how the bones were miraculously found in the wall at Verulam: then how the Danes came and carried them off: how a monk dreamed a dream: "St. Alban came," he said to the abbot, "and complained of his resting-place in Denmark, and bade me fetch his relics from thence:" how the monk got leave to go to Denmark, and enter the monastery there with the intention of getting hold of the bones of the saint: how he succeeded in escaping and returning with his precious burden, proved to be the genuine relics by the miracles wrought at the shrine.

No wonder that it was found necessary to keep a watch night and day.

For this purpose the beautiful watch gallery was erected to the north of the shrine; it has two storeys, the upper for the monk who watched, and the lower for the relics, where are still a few curiosities—a spur from the battle-field of St. Albans, 1455 or 1461; a piece of a hazel wand, with part of a monk's dress, which was found in a stone coffin, and a few pieces of Roman pottery.

The martyrdom was here carved in wood, but it has, alas! been nearly destroyed. In the watch



SHRINE OF ST. AMPHIBALUS.



gallery are numerous figures, some of great force and spirit—a man and a woman seated, with a basket between them heaped up with cakes, a man mowing barley, a stag couchant, a woman milking a cow, a dog holding a boar by the ear, a cat with a rat in her mouth, two men wrestling, and a mare with her foal.

The shrine of St. Amphibalus (now placed on the north of the watch gallery) has also been reconstructed. Amphibalus is the traditional name of the Welsh cleric who converted St. Alban. His statue on the screen is a noble figure on the right hand of the altar as one looks eastward. His head is tonsured in the Celtic and not in the Roman fashion.

Re-entering the Saint's Chapel, and passing through to the south aisle, we see the very step on which the pilgrims knelt, and the iron grille, coloured blue and gold, through which they gazed at the rich treasures within. The arched tomb is that of Humphrey of Gloucester, built by Abbot John Stoke in 1447, probably from designs by Wheathampstead. Close to the step on which you are kneeling is an altar-tomb, marked with five crosses on the top. This slab was, perhaps, part of the altar of St. Cuthbert's Chapel. An early abbot, Richard de Albini, or Exaquius, *i.e.*, Essay in Normandy, believing himself cured by touching a relic of St. Cuthbert, built a chapel for the Hostry, and called it St. Cuthbert's, conveying the slab, which is of Frosterley marble,

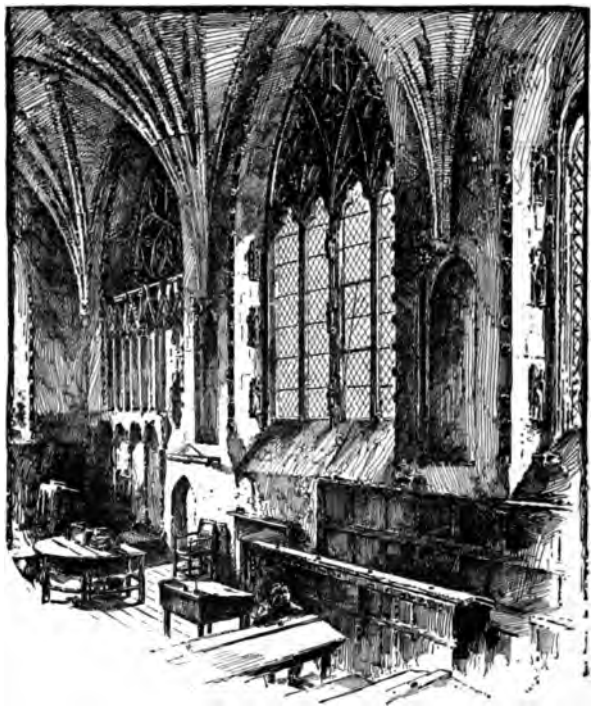
from Stanhope, in the county of Durham. We can hardly imagine the difficulty of conveying such a mass of stone in the days when there were no railways and no roads save the remains of the old Roman highways.

The Lady Chapel we now enter through the glass door. The portion on which we first stand was built by Roger de Norton in 1260-1290; part by John of Berkhamstede, who was buried about 1301 opposite the high altar, where, in old French, he promises forty years and forty days of pardon to any one who will pray for his soul; and part by John de Marinis about 1302-1308.

After the dissolution of the monastery the townspeople broke a hole in the north and south walls, and so made a public footpath which remained in use till a few years ago.

By a charter of Edward VI., of 12th May, 1553, this chapel was granted to the mayor and burgesses for the use of the Grammar School.

Not only has the footpath been stopped and the Grammar School removed, but the chapel has been beautifully restored by Lord Grimthorpe. The vaulted roof, of the time of Eversdon, 1308-1326, once only in imitation of stone, is now of real stone. The enrichments of the chapel, carvings of flowers and fruits, include nearly all the well-known species in the neighbourhood. Buttercups, daisies, brambles, whitethorn, holly, lime, ivy, convolvulus, beech, each finds its place on capital, boss, cusp, or label. Two



THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL IN THE LADY CHAPEL.

bosses are adorned with orchids, the Cattleya Mendelii and Odontoglossum vexillaria, perhaps in allusion to Mr. Sanders's famous orchid nursery. Towards the east end, some of the flowers and fruits are symbolical. The wheat, the vine, the olive, the passion-flower, the apple, and the lily have a lesson to convey. Nature, it is suggested, is a book of

parables, of which Jesus Christ turned over the first few leaves in order to encourage us to continue the study.

In the ante-chapel we are again on the track of the pilgrims, as we may know from the number of shrines grouped in that part before the Reformation. It is a curious fact that in the monks' choir there were no altars save the high altar; whereas, in the path of the pilgrims above mentioned, they were to be met at every turn; possibly because the monks considered them as more adapted for gain than for godliness. To the ladies of Hertfordshire, through Sir Gilbert Scott, is due the restoration of the windows of the Lady Chapel, in exact accordance with the old tracery.

At the south-east end of the chapel a door leads into the Chapel of the Transfiguration, now adapted as a vestry.

Let us retrace our steps by the south aisle of the presbytery. At the east end of it was the altar of St. Mary of the Four Tapers; in the corresponding place on the north side was St. Michael's altar, and in the western end of the ante-chapel were the altars of St. Edmund, St. "Amphibalus," and St. Peter. In a record of 1428 it is said that the people flocked to these shrines with great devotion on the days of their respective saints. At the south side of the tomb of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, we see how covered it is with figures, which are said to be kings of Mercia. On the left are the

remains of a stairway leading to the treasury, which no longer exists.

In the south transept the north side once contained two chapels, one dedicated to SS. Mary and Blaise (after the building of the Lady Chapel this was transferred to St. John) and the other devoted to St. Stephen. The window of the watching-chamber can still be seen. On the south side is a recess containing three cupboards of about the time of Charles II., which are still used for their original purpose. On Saturday night they are filled with loaves, which on Sunday afternoon are given to certain widows.

The doorway out of the south transept and the beautiful arcading above it are worthy of attention. About a third of it was found in taking down a brick wall in the "slype," or porch, south of the south transept. No one seems to know the derivation of the word "slype," but it is found in the old chronicles, and a similar structure is so called at Canterbury, Norwich, Peterborough, Winchester and Gloucester. At St. Alban's it led in old days to the monks' cemetery, and perhaps to the sumpter's yard, through which supplies were brought to the monastery; and it had a door leading into the great cloister.

It now contains a number of fragments, discovered at various times, which serve to show the wonderful richness of ornament in the Abbey before 1535. On the arcading may be seen an enrichment begun but never finished. These last words apply to all



DOORWAY, SOUTH TRANSEPT.

mediæval architecture. It was begun and completed, but never perfected. There was always some improvement to be made, some beautiful feature to be added.

Such a feature is much needed in the choir, of which only the western return stalls, erected by Bishop Claughton, are worthy of the place they occupy. The north aisle has recently been converted into a vestry. The old Abbey doors, and the Charles II. pulpit, and the picture of the "Last Supper," with, it is said, Dean Kennett in the guise of Judas, will well repay the examination of the visitor.

As we pass again into the nave through the glass

door we see on our left the joint tomb of two servants, Roger and Sigar, of whose manner of life there are long accounts in the "Gesta" of the Abbots, as also of the visions and austerities of a disciple named Christina, who frightened the abbot of that day by her supernatural knowledge of his misdoings. Here, also, are traces of eighteenth-century art, in the form of two marble monuments. On one of these, marble cherubs are wiping marble tears with marble pocket-handkerchiefs. He or she for whom they weep shall be nameless.

The remains of frescoes discovered by Dr. Nicholson, a former learned Rector of St. Albans, are too interesting to be unnoticed. They consist of six crucifixions on the western side of the Norman piers, with paintings under them. The most curious of these is that on the fourth nave pier from the west. Here is a crowned figure of our Lord upon a cross coloured green, with lopped boughs, St. Mary on the spectator's left and St. John on the right, while beneath is a representation of the Annunciation, and beneath that again a bracket, on which once stood a figure of St. Richard of Chichester. The Latin name for Richard is Ricardus, which has been made to indicate the saint's character in the "Acta Sanctorum," thus: "'Ri' signifies 'ridens,' smiling; 'car' signifies 'carus,' dear; 'dus' is short for 'dulcis,' sweet!

"Nominis in primo rides, dulcescis in imo,
Si medium quæris, dulcis amicus eris."

The four frescoes facing south are those of the "Three Wise Men" (?); of St. Osyth, of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and of St. Christopher.

The first of these has the remains of an inscription in black letter, which bids us pray for the soul of "Willelme jadis bal e johanne sa femme." The painting above is variously interpreted. Both the figures are meant to be those of males, as their drapery only extends to the ankles. The head of the left figure has a vandyked crown, while a third, who is apparently bald, is just visible. The black letters refer to Mr. W. Tod, who was bailiff of the town in 1421. This design is on the seventh pier from the west.

On the sixth is a large figure supposed to be that of St. Osyth, who is said to have carried her own head after it was cut off by the Danes, in the seventh century. Her altar was in the north transept, her statue is on the altar screen.

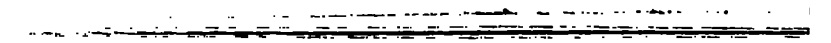
On the fifth pier from the west is St. Thomas à Becket, as an archbishop, wearing alb, dalmatic, chasuble, maniple, gloves, and shoes, with a cross-staff in his hand, and blessing with three uplifted fingers. In the Cotton MS. at the British Museum there is a record of the painting of this figure during the abbacy of Thomas de la Mare, 1349-96. The fresco of St. Christopher may be recognised by the figure of the infant Saviour in his arms, as recorded in the famous legend. It was a lucky thing to look on the face of St. Christopher. As an old

Latin distich, under the earliest woodcut known, informs us,

"On the day you look at the face of Christopher, on that day you will assuredly not die an evil death."

The slight sketch here given by no means exhausts the interest of the cathedral church, for if the Queen of Sheba came to life and read this account, and were then to pay a visit to the Abbey of St. Alban's, she would say once more, as she said of the glory of Solomon, that "the half had not been told her."

EDWARD LIDDELL.



SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.



R. RUSKIN, in the "Seven Lamps of Architecture," has spoken of the wonderful contrast of the famous Campanile at Florence and the front of Salisbury. He says of the Campanile, "I have lived beside it many a day, and looked out upon it from my windows by sunlight and moonlight, and I shall not soon forget how profound and gloomy appeared to me the savageness of the Northern Gothic, when I afterwards stood, for the first time, beneath the front of Salisbury. The contrast is indeed strange, if it could be quickly felt, between the rising of those grey walls out of their quiet swarded space, like dark and barren rocks out of a green lake, with their rude, mouldering, rough-grained shafts, and triple lights, without tracery or other ornament than the martins' nests in the height of them, and that bright, smooth, sunny surface of glowing jasper, those spiral shafts and fairy traceries, so white, so faint, so crystalline, that their slight shapes are hardly traced in darkness on the pallor

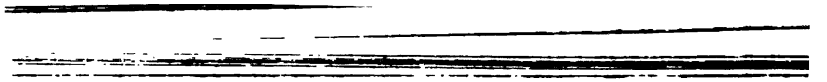
of the eastern sky, that serene height of mountain alabaster, coloured like a morning cloud, and chased like a sea shell." Those who see the Cathedral of Salisbury for the first time on a fine day in summer, would probably resent the words in which the eloquent writer speaks of the savageness of the Northern Gothic.

It is true that there are features in the architecture of Salisbury which confer on the Cathedral a distinction entirely its own, but those who have lived under the shadow of its great spire, and who have seen the lights of sunset falling on the great western front, will be loath to admit any inferiority in a building which certainly possesses the power of attracting the regard and estimation of strangers in no common degree. The continuity of English history, and the place which the ancient cities of England hold in all that associates the past with the present, make Salisbury, Stonehenge, Clarendon, and Bemerton, especially dear to pilgrims from America, who seem to find a true delight in the old-fashioned houses of the Close of Salisbury, the rooks, the ancient elms, the Cathedral, and Palace, and cloisters, all connected with great names, and telling their own tale.

The story of the foundation of Salisbury Cathedral has been often told, but there are some who may like to be reminded that at Old Sarum, bleak and hilly, there were two small cathedrals before the present stately edifice rose into being. It was on April 5, 1092, that the first small church of Old



THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE NORTH EAST.



Sarum was consecrated. In a few days a terrible storm almost ruined it, but it was rebuilt, and for more than one hundred years served the diocese as its cathedral church. The history of Salisbury Cathedral can be steadily followed, and the brief records of the lives of the bishops connect the history of the church with the annals of a great period, when the constitutions of Clarendon were keenly debated, and the quarrel between Thomas à Becket and Henry II. was gathering strength. Bishop Jocelin had been bishop for twenty years when he attempted to reconcile the Primate and the King. It was in vain. The Archbishop suspended and excommunicated the bishop and John of Oxford the dean. Bishop Jocelin, having assisted at the coronation of the King's son, was also excommunicated by the Pope. After two years this sentence was removed. The Chapter of Sarum still possess a copy of the absolution, and in the Bishop's registry there is another papal document, clearing Bishop Jocelin of the death of Thomas à Becket. The church in the city which bears the name of St. Thomas is one of the many standing memorials of the depth of the feeling raised in England by the murder of the Archbishop. Among the many services rendered by Dean Stanley, Professor Freeman, and Professor Froude, to English history, not the least are the searching inquiries made by them, though with very different predilections, into the many conflicting memorials of the life and work of Thomas à Becket.

The Cathedral of Old Sarum, though small in



THE SOUTH AISLE, LOOKING WEST.

proportion, had some beauty of its own. William of Malmesbury said that its builder had cause to say, "Lord, I have loved the glory of Thy house"; but still one reason for the removal to New Sarum was given, in the allegation that wind and storm sometimes prevented the hearing of the service. In the interesting document which records the foundation of the new Cathedral in the year 1220, although there is much that is legendary, there is enough of real historic value to enable us to realise how all the difficulties were gradually overcome, and how, after five years, Richard Poore, who had obtained a Bull from Honorius III. for the removal of the Cathedral, saw a portion of the present building completed, probably the present Lady Chapel, with its two side aisles and an ambulatory on the eastern side. The King and his nobles were busy on the Welsh border, but the common

people, we are told, came gladly to celebrate the foundation of the new church. Five stones were laid, one each for the Pope, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Richard Poore, and two for William Longespée, Earl of Salisbury, and Ela, his wife, "full of the fear of God."

Forty years passed away before the Cathedral was actually completed. It is probable that the site for the new edifice was chosen because it was at the point of the junction of three hundreds. It was called Myrfield, and this has by pious conjecture been made Maryfield, but Merefield or Boundary-field has seemed to some more probable. It was no easy matter to collect money for such a building. William of Wanda had his own difficulties. Some of the vicars who agreed to collect changed their minds, "either by the counsel of wicked men, or the incitement of the devil." The canons, too, were restive, but, upon the whole, there was a marked success. The Bishop had wonderful coadjutors, some of whom, such as Edmund Rich, Robert Grosseteste (afterwards Bishop of Lincoln), and the real foe of the Roman usurpation, Robert Bingham, and Elias de Derham, the rector or master of the fabric, were the most famous. Splendid gifts were made, and the name of Alice Bruer, who gave the marble to the church for ten years, ought specially to be remembered. It must have been a proud day for the Bishop when Henry III. came to the Cathedral and made an offering.



TURRET OF THE WEST FRONT.

In the new Cathedral, the first person who was buried was the famous Earl of Salisbury, not without a suspicion that he owed his death to Hubert de Burgh.

> "Longesword, his feats of warlike prowess past,
> Finds a short scabbard long enough at last."

In a few months afterwards, the bodies of Bishop Osmund, Roger, and Jocelin were removed from Old Sarum to the new Cathedral. The stone of Osmund is now under an arch, towards the south-east of the building. Bishop Roger and Bishop Jocelin lie near the west door on the south side.

There is an interesting letter still to be seen, in which Bishop Poore, while telling of his translation to the bishopric of Durham, speaks with deep regret of Salisbury, with which, as canon, dean, and bishop, he had been connected forty years. His successors, however, nobly carried out his design. There were difficulties in the way of raising funds; indulgences at one time were granted to all who contributed, and many devices not unlike those of modern days were resorted to, in order that the stately building might be completed. In the year 1280, for some unknown



THE NORTH PORCH.

reason, the Cathedral was re-dedicated ; but one of the great glories of Salisbury, the spire, was only added sixty or seventy years after the rest of the building was completed. It was the work of a remarkably bold builder. The upper part of the tower betrays by its late style that it was designed by him who conceived the idea of the spire of Salisbury. At an early period the spire lapsed from the perpendicular, but there has been no movement since the time that Sir Christopher Wren examined the building. Much has been done to strengthen the masonry in recent years, and important precautions have been taken to secure as far as possible the safety of the

grand memorial of the Middle Ages, placed by Macaulay in his famous chapter side by side with the towers of Lincoln.

In the year 1327 Edward III. gave authority for the erection of the Close wall; and the document lately discovered is a beautiful specimen of mediæval caligraphy. Towards the end of the fourteenth century grave mischief was feared to the spire, but ingenious contrivances averted the evil. The beautiful cloisters and chapter-house were commenced in 1263, and probably completed in 1284.

When all has been done that man could do, the Cathedral of Salisbury certainly stands out as the finest specimen of the Early English style. Rickman's opinion that the best point of view is from the north-east still holds good; and in Fergusson's words, "the breaking of the outline by the two transepts, instead of cutting up by buttresses and pinnacles, is a master stroke of art, and the noble central tower, which, though erected at a later age, was evidently intended from the first, crowns the whole composition with singular beauty." The exquisite proportions of the north porch, beautifully restored by Mr. Street, through the kindness of the widow of the late Dean Hamilton, must impress every one who approaches Salisbury Cathedral from the principal entrance to the Close. It is worthy of remark that Mr. Street, always careful to preserve every distinct architectural relic, has left some of the broken work unrestored, in the belief, as he says, that no modern workman could



THE WEST FRONT.

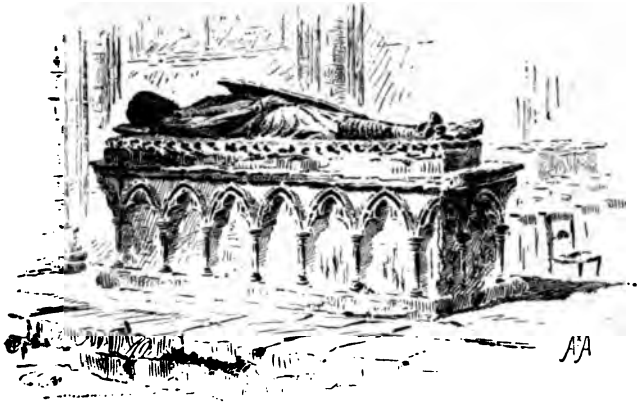
surpass the beauty of those portions which have escaped destruction. Dean Stanley, in speaking of Salisbury Cathedral, said to one of its canons, "You at Salisbury are all glorious without; we at Westminster are glorious within."

In 1790 the destroyer Wyatt was allowed to work his will on Salisbury Cathedral. Screens, chapels, and porches were destroyed, old stained-glass broken up, and, with the exception of some remnants now carefully placed in the windows of the smaller southern

transept, thrown into the city ditch. The Campanile, which stood on the north side of the churchyard, was levelled to the ground; and it is said that when the work of destruction was over, and the interior was white-washed, one of the dignitaries wrote to his daughter, and announced with glee that the Cathedral at last was neat and clean. Some attempt it is hoped may one day be made to restore some of the interesting monuments to their original sites. But even though a new bell tower should be erected, and the two chapels restored, the traces of the vandal's footstep can never be wholly obliterated.

The great west front of Salisbury has been often criticised, and there is certainly some contrast to the exquisite repose and defined outlines of the rest of the building. But it has striking features of its own, and is really a relic of the Decorated style of the fourteenth century. There are five stories, and under the canopies of the arcades there were once more than a hundred statues. At the top is the figure of Christ. The *Te Deum* supplies the orders of statues; angels, patriarchs and prophets, apostles and evangelists, learned doctors, virgins and martyrs, bishops and kings of England, were all intended to have due honour. Many statues have been restored, and it is possible that, as at Lichfield, there may be a complete renewal of former glory.

The general view of the Cathedral from the western entrance is a most inspiring one. Much stained glass is still desirable, but the beauty of the triforium



THE LONGESPÉE TOMB.

is delightfully evident. The whole tracery of the triforium marks the first period of Early English architecture. Some of the monuments are very striking. That of William Longespée, the natural son of Henry II., is a noble effigy. He became Earl of Salisbury by marriage with the Countess Ela. The tomb of Sir John Cheyney, and that of Lord Hungerford and his wife, are memorable. John de Montacute's effigy—he was present at the Battle of Cressy—is a fine specimen of the mediæval monument. The curious relic, at one time thought to be of a "boy bishop," is probably a diminutive memorial of a real prelate. In the north transept there are three specimens of Flaxman's work, and a fine monument by Chantrey of the first Earl of Malmesbury. In the south transept there are some modern monuments, and on the west wall there is a bust of Lord Chief Justice

Hyde, the cousin of Lord Clarendon, who died in 1665. A great restoration of the Cathedral was completed in 1876. The choir was restored as a memorial to the late Bishop Hamilton. The noble organ, the gift of a generous lady, is placed half in the north and half in the south side of the choir. Regret has been expressed that canopies have not been added to the stalls, but there is a division of opinion among architects as to the original intention of the designers of the choir.

"There was the ceaseless supplication for grace, the perpetual intercession, the endless praise—unbroken yet ever new—like Nature herself, with daily, varying, never-changing majesty." Such is the late Archbishop of Canterbury's description of what a cathedral was intended to be. In the interesting annals of the Cathedral of Salisbury there is a full confirmation of what was intended by the original founders of the great church to be the governing motive of the great foundation. The statutes tell their own tale. Before the Reformation there were two kinds of cathedrals—cathedrals of secular canons, and conventual cathedrals. The Cathedral of Salisbury was an establishment of secular canons. The canons were not recluses, they were sometimes married, and the intention was that they should be really occupied with the care, religious and social, of all their neighbours. They had a common property for their support, and separate estates were in time assigned to them. The bishop, who was their head, had his own prebend and estates. It is not



VIEW FROM THE MEADOWS.

easy to say when the departure from the original idea of a common property took place; but some hundred years after the death of Osmund the system was in full order, and the ground plan, if it may be so called, of the constitution was laid out. The great church was intended to be a centre of work and light. Indeed, it may be said that the founder's idea was, not only to have a noble church for worship, but to have a home also for men who should go through the diocese, teaching, preaching, and promoting the welfare of the community. At the beginning of the thirteenth century there were fifty-three canons. At the head of the body were four persons—the Dean, who was called "immediate ordinary," and who had general control; the Precentor, who had the service and care of the choristers in his charge; the Chancellor, who was bound to deliver lectures in theology; and the Treasurer, who had the care of all the ornaments and vestments of the church. The late Dean Hook, in his Life of St. Edmund of Canterbury, has clearly described the duties of the Treasurer. One leading feature in some of the old cathedral statutes is their moderation and good sense. The work of the canons was prescribed, and it is evident that the three requisites, "preaching, the pattern of a holy conversation, and the devotion of a single-hearted prayer," so well described by Robert Grosseteste, originally a canon of Sarum, were intended to be the ideal of a canon's work in life. The canons were intended also to act as the special advisers of the bishop.

There was a spiritual court for the correction of offences, and the records of the see give clear and distinct evidence of the desire of the authorities to make the work of the Consistory Court really effective. Unfortunately, at a very early period of the history of the Cathedral, abuses crept in. Jealousy arose as to the rights and privileges of the authorities, discipline was relaxed, and there are traces of grave neglect on the part of canons, who preferred to live at ease on their own property instead of carrying out the grand ideal of Osmund. The authority of the bishop over his cathedral was unduly lessened, and the old constitutional rule as to the bishop's court was abandoned. Fortunately, with the desire to make the Cathedral more efficient, there has arisen a more intelligent appreciation of the liberty, under the control of law, which was a distinctive feature of the constitution of the Cathedral of Salisbury. There is nothing in Church history so sad as the contrast between the original ideal of life and work, and the imperfect and feeble copy of degenerate days.

One very interesting feature of the annals of Salisbury must be mentioned. Lay benefactors were admitted into brotherhood. In 1388, the Duke of Lancaster and his wife were received as brother and sister. In 1420, the famous Cardinal Beaufort, who in the opinion of Bishop Stubbs has been wronged by our great dramatist, asked to be received back as a brother into his old cathedral.

There is something attractive in the thought that

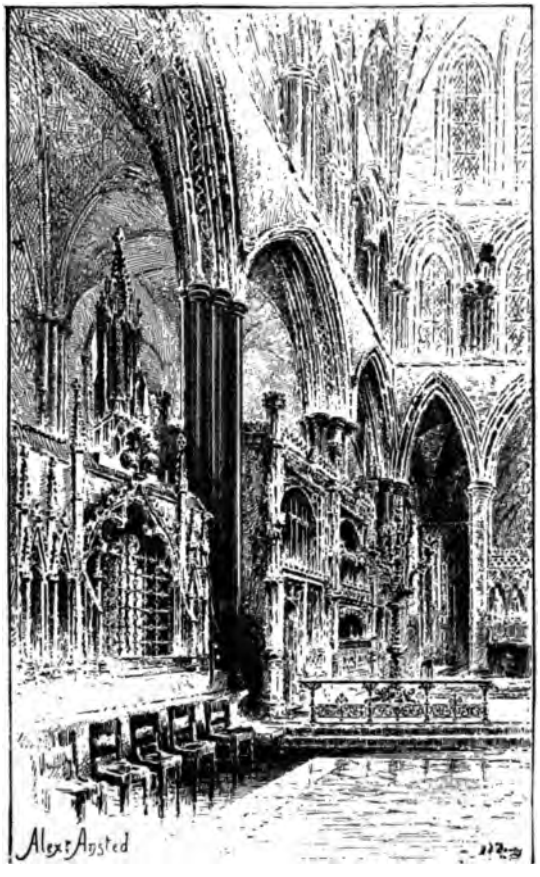
the great church had an inspiring effect upon many who had joined in its services and admired its stately grandeur. Great gatherings doubtless took place from time to time in a cathedral whose "use" had become famous, but the abuses and corruptions of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries are often present in the records of the diocese and chapter. There are also tokens of the exactions of Rome, and protests on the part of the bishop. In 1297 the bishop addressed a remonstrance to the Pope on the grave scandal of the admittance of foreigners to stalls. The record of the abuses of the Middle Ages is not an agreeable one; and indeed it is wonderful, when benefices were given to persons not in holy orders, that indignation did not express itself in strong ways. Individual bishops, like Bishop Beauchamp, showed great munificence and generosity. Bishop Beauchamp became Bishop of Salisbury when the Church was in a very low condition. It had become, as Mr. Green says, a mere section of the landed aristocracy. The Lollard movement had been trodden



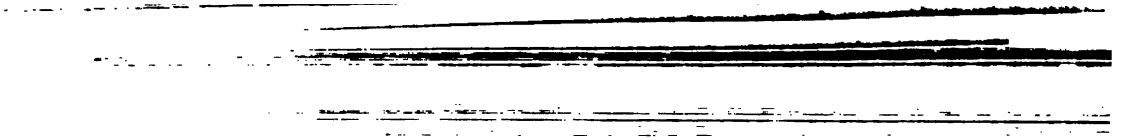
THE INVERTED ARCH.

out, and religious enthusiasm seemed to have died away. The energy of Bishop Beauchamp was shown in various ways. He built the chapel of St. George's, Windsor, which was then in the diocese, and he erected a large chapel on the south side of the Lady Chapel of the Cathedral, in which he was buried; but this was removed in the course of Wyatt's destructive efforts. There was a pretty custom that on Christmas Day and holy days the wives of the mayor and aldermen and gentry of the city came to prayers in Beauchamp's chapel in the evening, with flambeaux and torches, except on Innocents' Day, when they went to their own parish churches. It is to be feared that immediately before the Reformation, the picture that has been drawn of the condition of many of the cathedral establishments is too true. It is always, as Canon Jones says in his valuable history of Salisbury, darkest just before dawn of day.

There are very few figures in English Church history more interesting than John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, and the friend of Erasmus and Sir Thomas More. He was promoted by Bishop Audley to a stall in Salisbury Cathedral, and it is pleasant to think that one who, as Dean Milman says, in his own preaching adhered to his famous axiom, "Keep to the Bible and the Apostles' Creed, and let divines, if they will, dispute about the rest," may have lifted up his voice in protest against evils of the time in Salisbury Cathedral. The last chapel used for the purpose of a chantry is the one still standing on the



THE AUDLEY CHANTRY.



north side of the Holy Table, and bearing the name of Bishop Audley. Before he passed away, Henry VIII. had taken up arms against Luther, and won from Leo X. the title of defender of the faith.

Again is this Cathedral associated with great historical names. Cardinal Campeggio held the see for some years, along with another in Italy. He was appointed originally at the request of Henry VIII., and after ten years, by Act of Parliament, deprived. In the meantime the king had found Campeggio difficult to move in the matter of his divorce. The successor of Campeggio came to Salisbury in the very year when Sir Thomas More and Bishop Fisher were put to death, on their refusal to acknowledge the supremacy of the King. The Cathedral Commissioners made important alterations in the statutes of the Cathedral. Bishop Shaxton was the friend of the reformed movement, but, like Latimer, he was condemned under the "Six Articles"; but, unlike Latimer, he recanted. The preaching of the Friars had been much prized in the diocese of Salisbury. There is no doubt that they did good work, and their suppression in the last days of Bishop Shaxton's episcopate was unpopular. The miserable Salcot or Capon, a thorough vicar of Bray, was a Protestant in the reign of Edward VI., but actually took part as a judge at the trial of Bishop Hooper and Rogers, in the Marian persecutions.

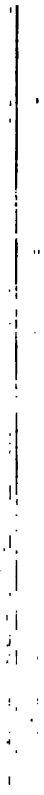
Early in the reign of Elizabeth Salisbury was visited by a small band of Commissioners, among whom was John Jewel. It is pleasant to be able to

associate the Cathedral of Salisbury with Jewel's honoured name. At the urgent request of Queen Elizabeth, Jewel, whose fame as a divine was great, consented to become Bishop of Salisbury. The best monument of Jewel is his "Apology for the Church of England," but as Bishop of Sarum he showed great capacity in his care for the Cathedral, which he calls a "city set on a hill," and his desire to make every member of the Cathedral body earnest and zealous in their duties. The simple account given by Izaak Walton of the visit of Richard Hooker to Jewel is a delightful incident in the lives of two great men. For Jewel, Hooker had a real reverence, and in the days when he himself was sub-dean of the Cathedral, and wrote the first book of his great work, he must often have thought of the single-hearted bishop, who had given him his blessing and his prayers. Jewel is said to have built a library for the Cathedral, and during the last painful years of his life, when he was in great weakness, he was constant in his attendance at the Cathedral services. His last sermon was on the words of St. Paul, "Walk in the Spirit." At his death he had not completed his fiftieth year. The inscription on his grave has lately been renewed by the pious care of one who delights to claim a connection with his family. Many a pilgrim from America eagerly inquires for the resting-place of Jewel, one of the great names in the roll of Salisbury worthies.

At the visitation of the Cathedral by Archbishop Laud certain orders were made which show the



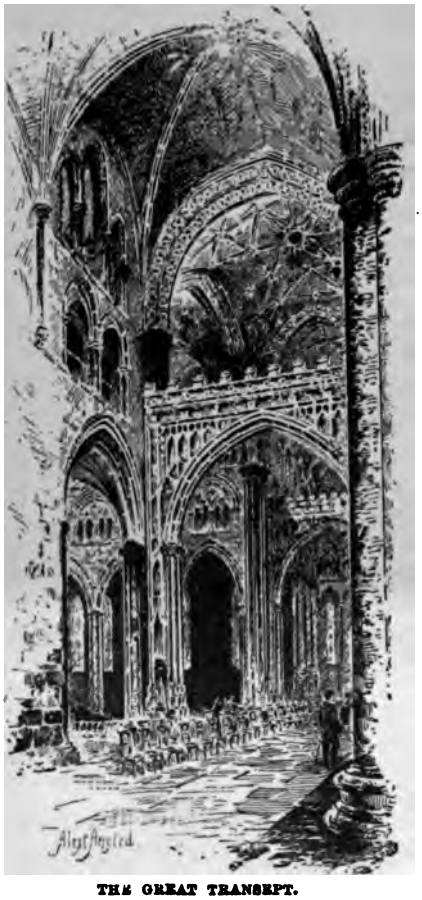
THE CLOISTER AND SOUTH TRANSEPT.



neglect and disorder of the times. Young men and children disturbed the preachers in their sermons. In 1634 John Lee revealed a state of things certainly discreditable to the authorities of Sarum. "I never to my uttermost remembrance sawe Barfoot the vergerer, who sits in my sight, to ryse at the greatest noyse."

Keble says well that there was no step in Archbishop Whitgift's life more wise than his patronage of Hooker. When the See of Sarum was vacant, Hooker was appointed to a stall by the archbishop, and he was for some years connected with the Cathedral. At the time when he was in Wiltshire George Herbert was at Bemerton, living the life of a saint, and writing the poems of which Baxter said, "Next to the Scripture poems there are none so savoury to me as Mr. George Herbert's." William Chillingworth, John Pearson, and the historian Thomas Fuller, were all prebendaries of Salisbury. During the confusions of the civil war the prebendaries suffered greatly. There is a curious relic of old times in Fuller's remembrance of Charles I. solemnly touching for the evil, in the choir of Salisbury.

During the Commonwealth Salisbury for the most part escaped damage. Certain unknown friends kept the building in order. Liberty was granted to Independents and Presbyterians to use the Cathedral. The officials were all deposed, and Dr. Faithful Tate was made minister of the Cathedral church. The dean and sixty clergy were deprived of their offices;



THE GREAT TRANSEPT.

three of these, however, lived to be in succession bishops of Salisbury—Henchman, Earles, and Hyde. After the Restoration the endowments of the Cathedral were recovered, but the reign of indolence and sloth had begun. Bishop Seth Ward, in many respects a remarkable man, found great fault with the conduct of the services in the Cathedral. The dean and the bishop had a long dispute, and the consequences of their quarrel were very serious. The Cathedral seems to have shared in the general neglect of the times. With Bishop Burnet a new era commenced. No character in history has been more sharply criticised than Burnet. But no possible fault could

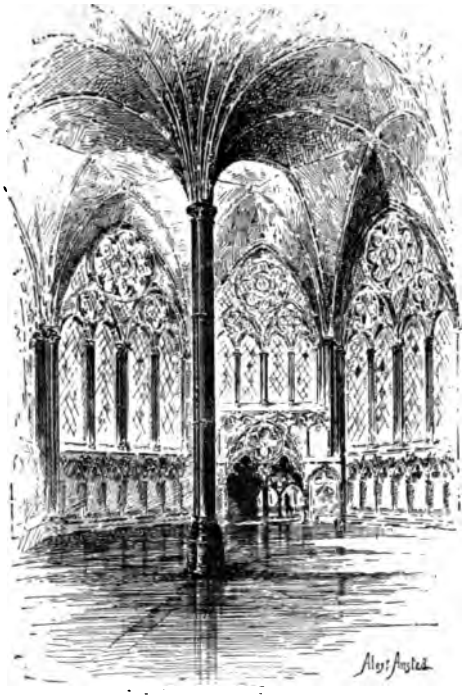
be found with his earnest attempts to raise the spiritual tone of his diocese, and during his tenure of the see every member of the Cathedral body felt the strength of his energy and purpose. His kindness to the poorer clergy and his indulgence to the non-jurors were widely felt. Burnet died in 1715, and in the eighty years from that time to the beginning of the present century there were twelve bishops, eight of whom, after a very short reign, were promoted. In the lists of the Cathedral are the well-known names of Whitby, Butler, and Hele.

The eighteenth century was not a time of spiritual life in the history of the Church of England, and the Cathedral did not escape the withering influences of the period. De Foe had indeed described it as more like a theatre than a church, and in 1779, after being closed for two years, it was re-opened with many distasteful alterations. Of the destruction wrought by Wyatt something has already been said. Happier times have come, and a goodly restoration has been completed, though there is still much to be done in the way of ornament and decoration. But the best and noblest feature of a restored life of cathedrals is the gathering of great multitudes of worshippers filling the nave of Salisbury, and giving glad expression to warm and enthusiastic devotion.

Among the great figures at the Court of William the Conqueror, his nephew Osmund was prominent. As the nephew of the King, he was soon placed in high office. His career as Chancellor of England

was a short one, but in 1078 Lanfranc consecrated Osmund, who was one of those who took a chief part in the compilation of Domesday Book. When 60,000 men in 1086 accepted the Domesday record, and swore fealty to William, Osmund was present. The famous soldier became a famous ecclesiastic. Mr. Carlyle might have placed Osmund by the side of, or rather above, Abbot Sampson, for as a reformer of abuses and the bearer of a high standard in purity of life Osmund had few equals. He was a lover of books and a lover of order, but his great distinction was the settlement of the order of worship, and that the "Use of Sarum" should have become general in England, in less than 200 years after Osmund's death, is a signal proof of the power and practical sagacity of the great bishop. Some day, it is to be hoped, a more noble memorial than the relic of Old Sarum, which marks the place of his burial, may be found in the present cathedral.

The present Bishop of Salisbury, as visitor of the great church, has wisely established a festival in commemoration of the founders, benefactors, and worthies of the Cathedral; and it was right and proper that he whose wise collection of collects and usage has been the basis of the reformed liturgy for the Church of England should not be forgotten. At the festival held in 1892, the present Archdeacon of Sarum, in his sermon, rightly recalled the memory of St. Osmund, whose figure, at the special desire of the late Earl Beauchamp, stands out in the beautiful



THE CHAPTER HOUSE.

reredos, the munificent gift of that nobleman to the restored Cathedral.

At the end of the thirteenth century the Chapter House and cloisters of Salisbury were built. They were commenced by Bishop Walter de la Wyle and finished in the time of his successor, Robert de Wickhampton. Bishop Bridport, the predecessor of Bishop de la Wyle, died in 1262. In the south

aisle of the choir his tomb stands. It is of peculiar beauty, and as it is ornamented with scenes from the life of the Bishop, like the Old Testament figures in the Chapter House, there can be little doubt that the Chapter House and tomb were built at the same time. In Britton's "History of the Cathedral Church of Salisbury" there is an excellent description of the tomb. "In the forms and attitudes," he says, "of the small angels we perceive a simple grace and beauty, which entitles them to be called classical specimens of art; and from which later artists have not thought it derogatory to take hints, and even make designs."

There are many remarkable tombs in the Cathedral. The monument of Sir Thomas Gorges, who died 1610, is a curious specimen of the taste of that period. An altar tomb, which was for some time supposed to be that of Bishop Poore, is most probably a representation of Bishop Bingham. The Audley Chapel has remarkable characteristics, and in some respects resembles the splendid chapel of Bishop Fox at Winchester. The founder of the Bampton Lectures, the Rev. John Bampton, a canon residentiary of Salisbury, is buried in the north aisle of the choir. On the south side of the small transept, Dr. Clarke, a man of eminence in his day, Dean of Salisbury, is buried, and near his grave lies another dean, the father of the poet Young. Bishop Davenant, a prelate of considerable power, who died in 1641, was buried in the southern aisle.

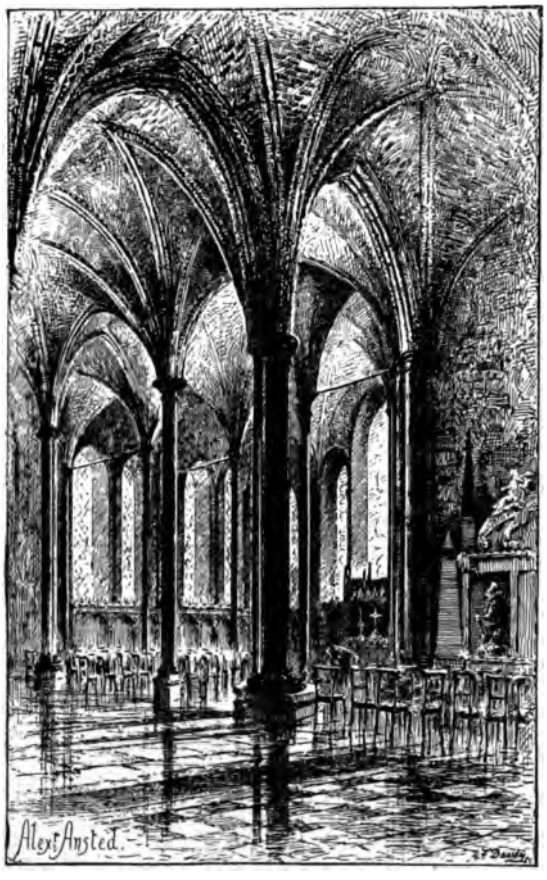


LOOKING THROUGH THE GRILL TO THE BRIDPORT TOMB.

In an interesting lecture delivered by the present Bishop of Salisbury in 1890 it is declared, on the authority of Mr. Parker of Oxford, that in 1221 Bishop Richard Poore had a legal grant of timber, for the purpose of building the palace. This is an evidence that the house was commenced almost as soon as the Lady Chapel, the earliest part of the

Cathedral, and a vaulted room which the Bishop has restored was probably completed before Bishop Poore left Salisbury for Durham. The Palace of Salisbury has been much altered, but great care has been taken to recover as far as possible the original design.

Many interesting historical associations are connected with the palace. Allusion has already been made to the kindness shown by Bishop Jewel to Richard Hooker; but the readers of Lord Macaulay's history are not likely to forget that in 1688 James II. came on the 19th November to the palace, which old Bishop Seth Ward had deserted. The Anglican chaplain of the King, by his firm attitude, preserved the Palace Chapel for the rites of the Church of England. The coach was at the door of the palace to take the King to Warminster. At the advice of Churchill, when the King's nose began to bleed violently, "he was forced to postpone his expedition, and to put himself under medical treatment. Three days elapsed before the hæmorrhage was entirely subdued, and during these three days alarming rumours reached his ears." On the 22nd November the King left Salisbury, and on the 4th December, according to tradition, the next occupant of the bedroom was William of Orange. The Bishop of Salisbury has well said: "There were other things that took place in the house of very great interest. Perhaps the most important, though I daresay it was thought very little of at the time, was the ordination as deacon of Joseph Butler, afterwards Bishop of Durham,



THE LADY CHAPEL.

in the Palace Chapel, 28th October, 1718. When Butler was at Oriel College, he had become, like many others, a warm friend of Edward Talbot, then a Fellow of the College, who introduced him to his father. Butler was ordained quite alone, and only a few months before his ordination as priest. We may imagine the scene in that little chapel, which has been, comparatively speaking, very slightly altered since that time, and realise the importance of the vows and resolutions then made as the young man knelt before the holy table."

For many years the diocese of Salisbury has been fortunate in having for its bishops men of high character and distinction. Bishop Burgess was a scholar and divine of some note. The list of his publications is a long one, but he is chiefly remembered as the founder of a society for the relief of the clergy, which has done great service in the diocese. He was succeeded by Bishop Denison, one of a remarkable family of brothers. The eldest was Speaker of the House of Commons, raised to the peerage by the title of Viscount Ossington; and another was the well-known Archdeacon of Taunton, a man whose personal qualities made him beloved even by those who differed most strongly from his opinions. Bishop Denison was a prelate long to be remembered. He threw himself into the work of a bishop with vigour and enthusiasm, improved the education of the poor, and was foremost in all good works. His friend, Bishop Hamilton, was, according

to the opinion of the late Bishop of Manchester, almost everything that a bishop ought to be, and Bishop Moberly's ripe scholarship and great theological ability are well known. The remains of these three bishops were laid in the beautiful cloister burial-ground of Salisbury, and there too was buried Louisa, the wife of Bishop Denison, of whom Lord Houghton wrote in touching words:

> "She made a heaven about her here,
> And took how much with her away."

Shortly before his death these words were recalled to Lord Houghton's recollection, and he said to his sister, Lady Galway:

> "She was a phantom of delight."

G. D. BOYLE.



CROSS ON CHAPTER HOUSE.

WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

THE situation of Worcester Cathedral and the condition of its surroundings are rather typical of the Church's revived activity amongst men than of the learned leisure and contemplative repose which in imagination attach to the cloistered life. It stands in the midst or, rather, on the verge of a bustling, thriving city of some forty-two thousand inhabitants. The sounds of factory-bells, summoning or dismissing toilers, can be heard daily mingling with the soft matin and evening chimes of its famous and melodious bells. Standing on the terrace at the west end of the church, you look over open country, prettily wooded, to the picturesque outlines of the Malvern Hills—"the lonely heights" from whence

"Twelve fair counties saw the blaze"

which told them that the threatening fleets of Spain were visible in the Channel. In the nearer foreground is the suburb of St. John's, which suffered so severely and had its old church filled with

wounded and dying when, on September 3rd, 1615, Cromwell won over Charles II. the decisive victory which he called his "crowning mercy"; a little to the right lies the open plain called Pitchcroft, where, in 1642, the chivalry of the gallant Prince Rupert had to yield to the stubborn determination of the Parliamentarian forces under Fiennes; while immediately beneath it flows the broad Severn, on whose waters, in old days much wider than now, the ancient Briton —dwelling in his wattled hut in the forest which stretched from Malvern beacons to the "flood of the Severn sea"—floated his canoe, and up whose temptingly navigable stream the fierce Danes of Hardicanute came to plunder and to destroy.

North and south and east of the Cathedral lies the "Faithful City," described in the motto of her civic arms—"Civitas in Bello et in Pace fidelis." While many tall chimneys tell of manufacturing enterprises —foremost and most famous among them the Royal Porcelain Works—yet there survive in New Street and its neighbourhood many of the picturesque old houses which must have been there when, on the fatal day of the Battle of Worcester, King Charles II. pursued by his foes, retreated down Sidbury, and made good his escape through the house where he had slept the night before, and which is still standing at the corner of the Corn Market. Over the door is this inscription :—

"LOVE GOD [W B 1577 R D] HONOR THE KINGE."



Worcester Cathedral from the South West

The date probably refers to the time of its erection, at which period it is said to have belonged to William Berkeley, and Judge Berkeley was born there in 1584. R. Durant was the owner when the King found protection in it, and to him may be attributed the latter part of the inscription, connected with his own initials. The Commandery in Sidbury, originally the Hospital of St. Wulstan, is a beautiful old house of the time of Henry VII., wonderfully preserved, and contains the room in which the Duke of Hamilton died from the wound he received in the battle.

Along these quaint old narrow streets many royal processions have passed in olden times. King Stephen and his troops marched through in 1139, in Easter week, on his way to besiege Ludlow Castle, visiting the Cathedral *en route*, and placing on the altar his ring as an offering. Twenty years later King Henry II. and his queen kept their Christmas festival at Worcester, and went in stately procession to their coronation in the Cathedral. More than once King John came to do penance at the famous shrine of St. Wulstan. Henry III., Edward I., Henry IV., Henry VI, Henry VII. with young Prince Arthur, Queen Elizabeth, James VI., George III., and William IV. are also amongst the royal visitors to the city and its stately church.

Leaving the terrace at the west end, where we have been for a few moments recalling these reminiscences of scenes connected with our surroundings, we pass

to the north door of the Cathedral, nearly opposite the entrance to the historic deanery, once the episcopal palace.

Before actually entering the sacred building, it will be well to recall in briefest outline something of its history. In A.D. 679 the diocese of Worcester was founded, in accordance with the command of Etheldred, King of the Mercians, by the Council of Hatfield deciding on the ecclesiastical partition of Mercia, which had hitherto been under the Bishop of Lichfield.

Tatfrith, who was a monk in the celebrated monastery of Whitby (then called Streaneshalch), was chosen first bishop, but died before he could be consecrated; and Bosel, from the same great centre of light and learning, became the first of a long series of Bishops of Worcester, amongst whom we find four who were canonised—St. Egwin, St. Dunstan, St. Oswald, and St. Wulstan; one, Julius de Medici (1521), who became Pope with the title of Clement VII.; two, in striking contrast to the foregoing, who were martyrs to the Protestant cause—Latimer (1535), and John Hooper (1552); and many other illustrious men, such as Walter de Cantelupe (1236), John Gauden (1660), Fleetwood (1675), Stillingfleet (1689), and John Hough (1717), of Magdalen College fame.

The first Cathedral proper was built by Oswald, who had become bishop in succession to Dunstan, and it was completed in 983. This prelate established a



Benedictine monastery dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary, which absorbed the older foundation of St. Peter. Oswald's church was, of course, Saxon, and no portion of it now remains, unless possibly the remarkable baluster column in the wall arcade of the slype, or Prior's passage, which leads from where originally the prior's house, and late the deanery, stood, into the eastern cloister. These slight columns are rather Saxon than purely Norman in

style, and probably may have been portions of the old Saxon church used by Wulstan in erecting his Norman cathedral and monastic buildings in 1084. If this be so, this little passage remains the one only connecting link between the present and the ancient Saxon church.

In 1089 the Norman structure commenced by Wulstan some five years before was sufficiently completed for use; but in 1202, after various minor vicissitudes in the intervening years, that cathedral was destroyed by fire, excepting some portions presently to be noticed. Another cathedral was erected during the episcopate of Bishop Sylvester, which was consecrated with great ceremony in 1218, King Henry III. being present on the occasion, and witnessing the depositing of the remains of St. Wulstan in a splendid shrine. The choir and Lady Chapel were built early in the thirteenth century, and the nave in the fourteenth, the north side in the earlier and the south side in the later part of it.

Entering by the north porch (built in 1386), with its highly decorated front, consisting chiefly of niches filled with figures of the Apostles, let us turn to our right, and for a moment stand beneath the great west window, with its elaborate illustration of the Creation. The first point which strikes the visitor is that you can see straight up the entire length of the Cathedral (four hundred and fifty feet), the choir screen and the reredos in the choir being so open that they in no wise impede the view. The

later Transitional Norman of the two western bays of the nave (which survive from Wulstan's church), the Decorated of the north aisle, and the Perpendicular of the south aisle, and the distant cluster of Early English of the choir and Lady Chapel, are all bound together in one exquisitely harmonious whole by the magnificently groined roof (of the fourteenth century), with bosses and foliage and figures at the intersections, the ridge line of which runs unbroken the entire length at one continued elevation.

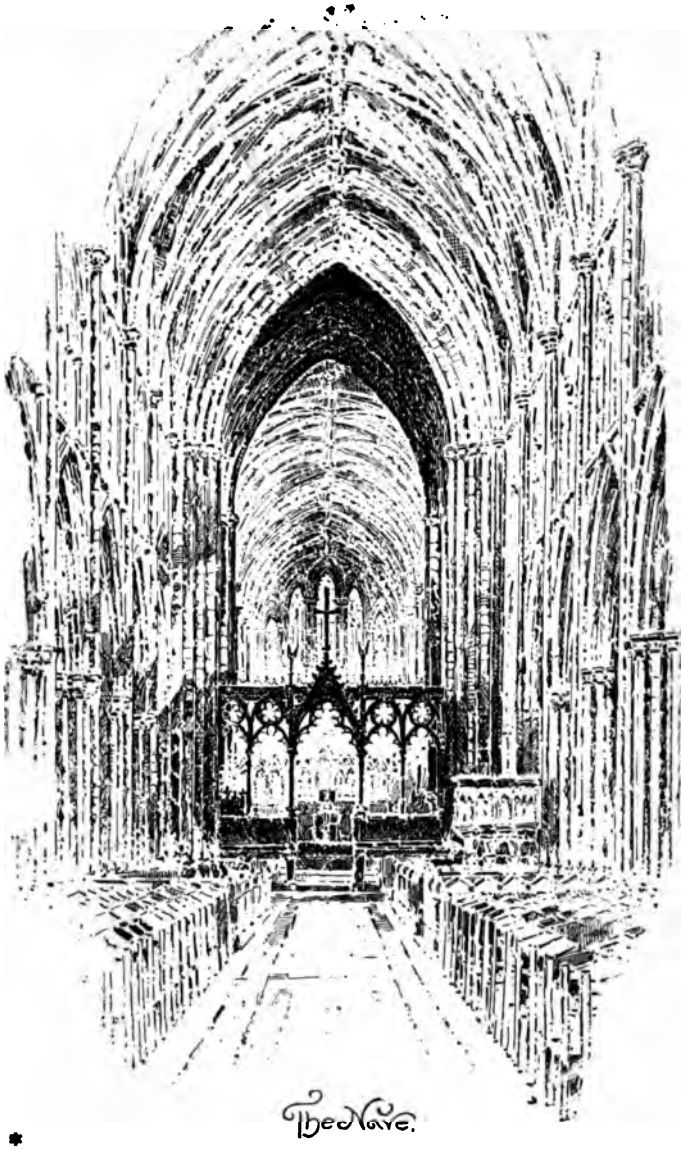
Passing up the nave, paved throughout with black and white marble,* we notice how much richer the decoration on the columns on the north aisle is than that of those on the south, and we observe in the south aisle a series of arched recesses evidently surviving from the Norman period, and later filled with elaborate altar and other tombs. Both aisles contain numerous monuments. The most interesting, perhaps, of these are that to Bishop Gauden, who died 1662, and who was generally believed to be the author of "Eikon Basilike," sometimes attributed to King Charles I. himself, and the tablet to the memory of Thomas Lyttleton, who in 1466 was Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. The western transepts†—above the intersection of which with the

* This pavement was given by the late Earl of Dudley, who was most munificent in his gifts to the Cathedral, and who contributed also the great organ, the magnificent new pulpit, and the west window, when the Cathedral was restored.

† The Cathedral is in the form of a double cross, with two transepts, one between the choir and nave, the other separating the Lady Chapel and choir.

nave stands the tower one hundred and ninety-six feet high, and furnished with a magnificent peal of bells—contain some portions of Norman work, especially two very fine arches, one opening into St. John's Chapel at the south of the choir aisle. The north transept contains Roubiliac's fine monument to Bishop Hough, and also a plain memorial to the famous Stillingfleet. A splendid flight of marble steps leads up to the screen, erected at the restoration of the Cathedral by Sir Gilbert Scott, in which he used wood and marble and metal with admirable effect, the result being a screen of combined grace and dignity, which leaves both light and sound absolutely unimpeded, and yet marks off with sufficient distinctiveness the "Holy of Holies from the outer courts of the temple.

Through the fine light brass dwarf gates is the chief entrance to the choir, which, with the Lady Chapel of the same style, forms the most beautiful and characteristic portion of the Cathedral. It is all throughout the very best form of Early English. The great octagonal columns, with their clustered shafts of white stone and Purbeck marble, their joints bound with copper rings, and their exquisite capitals of infinite variety cut so clean and clear and deep; above, the triforium, with groups of two smaller arches enclosed in larger and enriched arches in each bay, and at the back of these an arcaded wall, the arcading picturesquely irregular; and rising over this again the clerestory, with its three acutely-



The Nave.

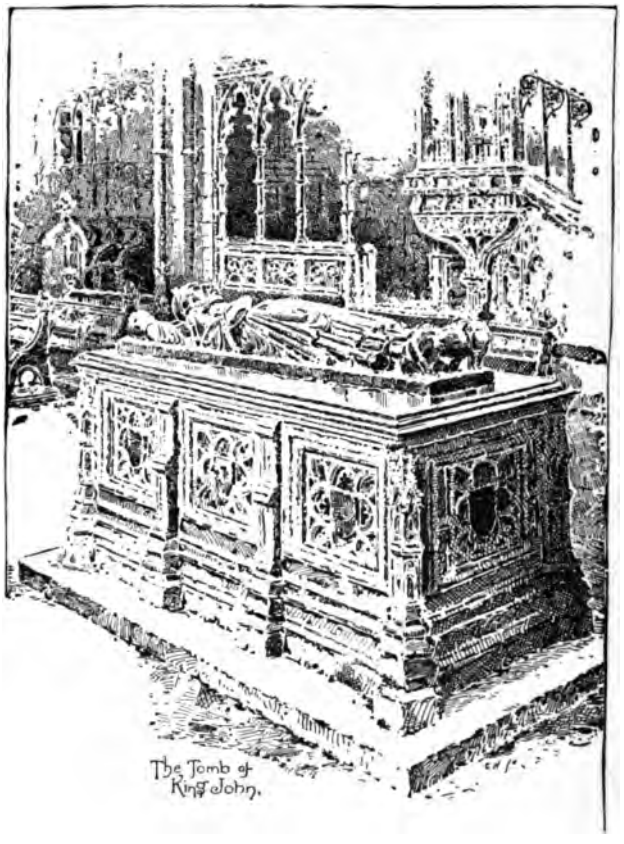


pointed arches in each bay, the central one loftier than the others, and separated from these by slender shafts of Purbeck marble; and high above all, the fine groined roof, decorated richly, blazoned with saints and martyrs, and with cherubim and angels; and exactly over the sanctuary, in the centre of a blaze of golden rays, the figure of our Lord Himself —this altogether, with its exquisite refinement of outline and its great wealth of detail, is a very dream of sacred beauty, when one sees it flooded with the dazzling sunshine on some bright spring morning, or touched here and there with a mystic glory as, on an autumn evening, the sun seems to linger lovingly on it for a moment, as if reluctant to leave it and sink beyond the distant Malvern hills.

The canopies of the seats north and south of the entrance to the choir, which are the stalls of the dean and canons, are modern work, but the seats themselves and the row of open stalls for honorary and minor canons are the original *miserere* seats, dating from 1379, which survived a restoration in 1551 and the iconoclastic ruthlessness of the Cromwellian troops at the Revolution. Attached to the *subsellæ* are a series of curious and most interesting carvings, which some eighty years ago had been removed from their ancient position and made into a portion of the screen which then separated the choir from the nave. They were, however, restored in 1865 to their original places. These thirty-seven carvings are not only valuable as specimens of

mediæval art, but "as illustrating very directly and significantly the literature and the social and intellectual history of the period to which they belong." They embrace rural, religious, domestic, agricultural, and satirical subjects, and will amply repay a more detailed inspection than can be given in the usual hasty visit paid by a tourist.

On the north side stands the choir pulpit, a fair specimen of Late Perpendicular, dating from about 1500. It was removed hither in 1748 from the nave, and its chief interest lies in the fact that most probably it must have often been occupied by Latimer, although he generally preached ("weather permitting," I suppose) at the "fair stone cross which was in the churchyard." In the centre, facing the altar rails, stands the tomb of King John. The Dean and Chapter still possess the king's dying disposition, in which he expresses the wish that his body should be laid in Worcester between the shrines of St. Oswald and St. Wulstan, which position, together with the monk's cowl in which he is buried, was to secure him an easier transit through purgatory! The figure of the monarch, which is the oldest royal effigy in England, is upon the top of the tomb, and on either side a small episcopal figure, presumably the two saints, censing the king. Doubts having been raised as to whether the body itself had been removed when the position of the tomb was altered, it was opened in 1797, and the body, five feet six inches in length, monk's cowl and all, dis-



covered there, corresponding with the figure outside. In regard to the character of the king, who died at Newark, October 19th, 1216, and whose remains rest amid such saintly surroundings, silence is perhaps the truest mercy. Writing in 1677, Sandford concludes his account of the burial of the king thus

quaintly :—"But as to his actions, he neither came to the crown by justice, nor held it with honour, nor left it in peace; yet having had many good points, and especially his royal posterity continued to this day, we cannot do less than honour his memory." Let us turn from this grave, full of sad and awful memories, to the exquisite chantry of Prince Arthur —eldest son of Henry VII.—which is close by on the right.

One of the saddest and most interesting pageants in the history of Worcester and of her Cathedral must have been the funeral of this young prince in 1502. He died at Ludlow, and on St. George's Day of that year, his body, "dressed with spices and other sweet stuffe, so sufficiently done that it needed not lead, was chested," and borne thence to Bewdley, and thence on St. Mark's Day to Worcester. We can picture to ourselves in thought the solemn procession passing along what is now High Street, then a narrow thoroughfare with low timbered houses, at whose quaint windows sad faces looked out at the crowds and the strange scene of funeral pomp below. Although, according to the old chronicle of an eye-witness, "the daye was faire," there were "all the torches of the towne" alight. The streets were thronged "with secular canons in graye amys (amices) with rich copes, and other curates, secular priests, clerks, and children with surplisses in great numbers." Inside the churchyard were a crowd of abbots from the great religious

houses in the country round, and the prior of Worcester: and so the body was borne through the "quiere to the herse, which was the goodlyest and best wrought and garnished that ever I sawe."

On either side of the remains of the young prince of so much popularity and promise were eighteen lights, and fourteen banners and bannerells blazoned with the arms of the Queen, and the royal arms of her Majesty of Spain and other royal devices, and one hundred "pencills" (pennons) of divers badges fluttered around as the procession proceeded up the Cathedral, where the "rich cloth of majestie, well fringed and double rayled, covered with black, was layed under foote." After a long funeral service, there was a solemn "watche" kept all night by a number of lords, and knights, and esquires, and others, until the grey morning light stole through the Cathedral windows, and at eight o'clock the final mass was said by the Bishop of Chester. Never was stranger scene witnessed in a church than when, after the mass, the surcoat, the shield, the sword, "the helme with the crest" of the prince were borne up the choir, and then the Earl of Kildare's son and heir—Lord Garrard—escorted by two knights banneret and two knights batchelor, mounted on the prince's horse, armed with the prince's arms, and "with a pollaxe in his hand, the head downwards," entered the choir, and the horse was handed over and received as an offering by the Abbot of Tewksbury, as the gospeller. "To have seen the weeping when the offringe was

done—he had a hard heart that wept not. Then the corpse, with weeping and sore lamentation, was laid in the grave by the Bishop of Lincolne also sore weeping. His officer of armes, sore weeping, tooke off his coate of armes and cast it along over the chest right lamentably. Then the controller, sore weeping and crying, took the staffe of his office by both endes, and over his own head broke it and cast it into the grave. In likewise did the gentleman ushers their roddes. This was a piteous sight to those who beheld it."

We can stand by that grave to-day, now covered by an altar-tomb, and enclosed in Prince Arthur's chantry, which is distinct from the surrounding Early English architecture like a separate casket let in, yet so skilfully adjusted that the sense of harmony remains unbroken. It is a beautiful specimen of Late Perpendicular or Tudor, with traceried vaulting, and it is richly decorated on the exterior with the roses of York and Lancaster and other symbols, representing the union of the two rival houses, and with the Prince of Wales' plumes, the feathers upright, as his present Royal Highness has them portrayed and not bent over as they used to be incorrectly represented. As we stand within that little sanctuary we cannot but often reflect how much of history circles around that grave. Had he, with his young wife Katharine of Aragon as Queen, succeeded to the throne instead of his brother, Henry VIII., how widely different might have been the history of England and of the English Church.

The Early English style of the choir is continued in the Lady Chapel, which is approached from either of the choir aisles by a series of descending steps. The higher elevation of the choir, necessitated by its being over the Norman crypt, is no longer continued, and the Lady Chapel and the east transepts are on the lower level of the nave. Owing to this, and also to these transepts being narrower than the great west transepts, this east portion of the Cathedral gains immensely in height and impressive dignity. The concentration of spiritual devotion which seems instinctively to attach to the enclosure of the choir, seems to be transformed into spiritual aspiration as we pass into the Lady Chapel and its transepts.

Right round the walls of the Lady Chapel and the transepts there is an arcade of trefoil-headed arches with foliated capitals, the spandrils of which are adorned with a series of very interesting and curious sculptures of the thirteenth century. They are evidently done by artists of widely different tastes and skill, varying greatly as they do in both subject and style. In some cases one hand has contributed the work of a single spandril, in another instance a whole series of subjects are apparently the work of one designer. Foliage, birds, beasts, imaginary monsters occupy some spaces, and then there is a quaint delineation of a bishop offering on an altar the model of a cathedral—possibly intended for Bishop de Blois, in whose time (1218—1236) this portion was built; and then in another part we find a series

of sculptures depicting, with grim and grotesque fancifulness, the Final Judgment. The Expulsion from Paradise is somewhat incongruously introduced in this series, Adam with his spade and Eve with her distaff, suggestive of the old couplet :—

> "When Adam delved and Eve span,
> Who was then the gentleman?"

while with a bold stroke of imagination the sculptor has introduced a Christian church surmounted with a cross visible above the walls which encircled the Garden of Eden. The gems, however, of this series of spandril work are the singularly dignified presentment of a bishop pronouncing a benediction, and a Crucifixion, with a female figure on either side of the cross. The sacred figure itself is a piece of exquisitely beautiful work; and in the case of the two women (the face of one being quite concealed) the idea of intense sorrowful emotion is conveyed with refined suggestiveness in the pose and outline of their figures.

In this chapel and these transepts there are several tombs of more or less interest. The identification of these, however, is more or less conjectural, owing to the many disturbances of monuments which have taken place during times of war and tumult and the periods of renovation and repair. A small tablet on the north wall commemorates the memory of Anne Walton (sister of Bishop Ken), and bears this quaint epitaph from the pen of her husband, the father of anglers: "Here lyeth buryed soe much as could dye

of Anne, the wife of Isaac Walton, who was a woman of remarkable Prudence and of the *Primitive Piety*, her great and general knowledge being adorned with such true Humility and blest with soe much Christian Meekeness as made her worthy of a more memorable Monument. She dyed (alas! that she is dead) the 17th of Aprill, 1662, aged 52. Study to be like her."

There are costly modern monuments to the late Lord Lyttelton and the late Earl of Dudley, and a charming figure by Chantrey (1820) in the north transept to the memory of Charlotte Elizabeth Digby

Returning from the Lady Chapel by the north aisle we pass an interesting small window in the wall, Perpendicular in style, which was intended in old days for the sacristan (whose residence was outside) to watch at night the lights burning in the choir before the shrines of the saints; and crossing outside the choir to the great south transept we descend a narrow flight of steps into the crypt, the most beautiful and perfect in England. It is part of the ancient church built by Wulstan about 1084, and here the bishop held a synod in 1092, to settle a dispute as to whether St. Helen's or St. Alban's was to be regarded as the mother church of Worcester. The decision arrived at, however, favoured neither, but declared the Cathedral itself entitled to that honour. Instead of the great pillars or masses of masonry which are generally to be found as the supporters in crypts, we have here



a series of exquisitely light and graceful shafts, undecorated, "plain with their beauty all in themselves." Like the crypts of Winchester, Gloucester, and Canterbury, this also is apsidal, but it surpasses them in the beauty of its proportions and in the slightness of its supporting pillars. On the south side is a chapel, with remains of coloured coats of arms on the walls, which seem to indicate that it is the burying place of the Earls of Gloucester. "The pillars seem to move like living trees," was the appreciative and graphic exclamation of a distinguished American as I walked with him one day around the central portion of this lovely crypt. Dean Stanley said that this crypt reminded him of the Mosque of Cordova.

Many other points alike of interest and of beauty are to be noticed within the Cathedral itself, but we must pass outside for a glance at the Chapter-house and the cloisters. From College Green on the south side of the Cathedral, in which are situated the residences of the canons, we gain a complete and striking view of the general plan of the monastic buildings. On our right as we face northward is the ancient Edgar Tower, formerly the entrance to the castle of which scarcely a trace remains, but restored to the monks in the time of Henry III. To the left are the Chapter-house and the old refectory, now the Cathedral school; and close to the Chapter-house, separating the ground around it from a canon's garden, is the beautiful and strikingly picturesque ruin of the ancient Guesten Hall, built in 1320 by De Bransford, then prior of the monastery. Here used to be entertained the illustrious guests and wealthy pilgrims who of old flocked to the shrine of St. Wulstan. The ruin contains two large and two smaller windows of exquisite tracery, and a small doorway through which the prior passed from his house to the hall. At right angles with the larger ruin is a smaller one in the garden of the canonry adjoining, which is supposed to have been a portion of the private chapel.

We now pass into the cloisters by the small south-eastern entrance. The stonework of the entrance-gate is Norman, but richly decorated in the arch, and we pass along a short vaulted Norman passage which

indicates the height of the original cloisters. The present cloisters are of Perpendicular architecture, highly decorated, the vaulting elaborately moulded with bosses depicting subjects from Scripture. The stonework, being to a great extent red sandstone, gives the entire scene a peculiar richness and warmth. The piers on the inner side are pierced with rectangular openings, the object of which has been much discussed. The door into the Chapter-house is in the east cloister. This beautiful building is circular within but externally was transformed in 1400 into a decagon with angle-buttresses, and Perpendicular windows were at the same time placed in the upper portion. The lower part of the interior remains, however, Norman, probably built early in the twelfth century. Around it run two tiers of wall arcading, the lower containing recesses for seats—while in the centre rises one shapely column with a simple splayed capital from which spread out slight ribs dividing the vault into ten bays. The entire effect is strikingly graceful and solemn. Here are preserved many ancient documents and letters, including a grant by Uhtred, Regulus Huicciorum, of land, dated A.D. 700, and bearing the signature of Offa, king of the Mercians; also a charter of Wulstan, dated 1089; the will of King John, commencing—"First of all I desire that my body may be buried in the church of St. Mary and St. Wulstan of Worcester;" letters from Edward I. and Elizabeth, and several from Charles I., most of them asking for pecuniary help

for his army. In one dated July, 1642, from York, he promises to pay 8 per cent. for money lent him by either Oxford University or Worcester diocese, and to repay the capital "as soon as it shall please God to settle the Distraction of this poor Kingdom of which our conscience bear us witness that we are not the cause."

As we leave the Chapter-house to pass round the cloisters we may notice one of the vergers or beadsmen, who hold office direct under sign manual of the sovereign, in the quaint Henry VIII. costume, with the great Tudor rose embroidered in red silk on the left breast of his gown, according to the statute of that king, which still holds good.*

Above the north cloister, and exactly over the south aisle, is the library of the Cathedral, originated in 1057 by Godiva, wife of Leofric, Duke of Mercia; Bishop Carpenter, in 1461, however, may be regarded practically as its real founder. It contains many valuable MSS., including a beautiful copy of Wicklif's New Testament, also Vacarius' "Roman Law" (the only copy in England, and one of the only four in existence). There are also some 4,000 printed works, amongst which are some of Caxton's, Wynkyn de Worde, and other early printers.

The entrance to the library is from the slype which leads from the north-west angle of the cloisters out to the ruins of the ancient dormitories. At the

* "Pauperes in togarum suarum sinistro humero rosam ex serico rubro factam semper gerant."

other end of this short passage is the monks' entrance to the Cathedral. It is known as "The Miserrimus Door," owing to the plain, flat stone in the cloister pavement just before it, which, without name or date, bears only the pathetic inscription, "Miserrimus." It was on this that Wordsworth wrote his well-known sonnet :—

> "'Miserrimus!' and neither name nor date,
> Prayer, text, or symbol graven upon the stone;
> Nought but that word assigned to the unknown,
> That solitary word—to separate
> From all, and cast a cloud around the fate
> Of him who lies beneath. Most wretched one,
> *Who* chose his epitaph? Himself alone
> Could thus have dared the grave to agitate,
> And claim, among the dead, this awful crown;
> Nor doubt that he marked also for his own,
> Close to these cloistral steps, a burial place,
> That every foot might fall with heavier tread,
> Trampling upon his vileness. Stranger, pass
> Softly! To save the contrite, Jesus bled."

It is now regarded as almost certain that this grave contains the remains of the Rev. Thomas Morris, who was one of the clergy of the Cathedral at the time of the accession of William III, but whose conscience did not permit him to take the oath of allegiance to that monarch. He resigned his appointment, but continued for years to frequent the scenes and the church to which he was still devoted, beloved by all who knew him. His dying request to be buried there was fulfilled. This may seem to some an inadequate explanation of such an inscription. But this is only because the pathos of



a devotion, even unto death, to a lost cause, is perhaps scarcely to be appreciated by an age so constantly familiar with the flexible adaptability of political and other consciences. Where can we better conclude our wandering and meditations amid the past than at this spot? Often, as on some festival night, the choir and clergy pass in long procession around the cloisters and over this sad sacred stone, some of us, at all events, cannot but think of the old man, "silvered over with the weight and infirmities of eighty-eight years," faithful amid so many faithless, who passed away in 1748, and whose remains were borne, by six maidens dressed all in white with rosettes of a pattern chosen by himself, to the for-ever nameless grave close outside the door of the church he loved so well. As the door is flung open before us, and the great Cathedral nave, thronged with worshippers, bursts upon us with a dazzling flood of light, and the thunder of the organ and the melody of many voices surge and swell in hymns of praise beneath that splendid roof, one cannot but feel as if it were a symbol of the change which that grave was to him, as through it he passed from the coldness and darkness of his sad old age into the everlasting glory, to join the innumerable throng of worshippers in that temple from which he would "go out no more for ever."

T. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE.



EXETER CATHEDRAL.



EXETER CATHEDRAL.

THE Cathedral Church of Exeter is a church "of the old foundation." It never was anything else than it is now. It was from the first the church of a bishop and canons. It was never the church of an abbot and monks. In the library there lies, in a glass case, the Charter of Edward the Confessor, which records the foundation of the see. Forty years after the death of the Confessor, the present building began to rise on the time-honoured spot which, for over a thousand years, has been the heart of Exeter. The church and the charter bear witness to an uninterrupted purpose.

In outline and character generally this fine church is unique. There are larger churches and loftier churches; there are, as at Wells and Salisbury, cathedral churches more picturesquely situated, but nowhere is there a cathedral of greater originality, of more complete harmony, of more obvious and striking unity.

"The church of Exeter," says Dr. Freeman, who by

the breadth of his knowledge was more than most men competent to say it, "forms a class by itself." "As far as detail goes," he adds, "no building of its age shows us the taste of that age in greater perfection."

It does not hold its high place in the hierarchy of churches in virtue of the area of ground which it covers. It does not rank in magnitude with the great cathedral of Wessex, or the greater church of Canterbury, or with Lincoln, or with York. But in originality, in harmony, in unity, it bears comparison with the proudest of them all.

Cathedrals of the first rank have their interior walls very variously divided and distributed and pierced. There is the great arcade, "a pillar'd shade, high over-arched." That there must be; and there must needs be a clerestory above it. There may be, or may not be, between these, a triforium, but if there is then the building may challenge a place in the front rank, and perhaps have its claim allowed. In that respect there are splendid churches in England to which in some respects Exeter "goes less," which are yet reckoned of lower rank because they lack this perfectness of plan.

The distribution of the wall space is the test of the architect's sense of proportion. Quivil, the genius of Exeter Cathedral, was in this respect severely tried. He had to work under conditions that deprived him of a free hand. The building which he began to transform was like no other that

he knew. The Norman towers between which the long unbroken roof stretches out east and west, compelled him to keep his roof low, or else they would be dwarfed. As we see them at this day they are not dwarfed, and yet the choir roof of Exeter gives a sense of loftiness that is not felt even at Lincoln.

Impressiveness is the note of Exeter Cathedral as the visitor sees it from without, and harmony is the impression that will be left upon him when he has seen it within. There is richness in many cathedrals and beauty in all of them, but none of them excels Exeter for the harmonious integrity that makes the visitor feel that it is one church from end to end, a church at unity in itself.

The impressiveness of the exterior is chiefly produced by the aspect of venerable age which is presented by the west front, in which the sculptured screen, with its broken effigies of saints and kings, though later in time than the rest, has a large share; then by the marked pyramidal outline of the embattled and arcaded upper works; lastly, by the exceedingly beautiful figure of St. Peter in the gable, which, in spite of its condition of almost ruinous decay, the Dean and Chapter have found an architect and surveyor with skill enough and reverence enough to preserve. The sculptured screen which catches the eye at the west front of the Cathedral has recently been the subject of careful examination. It contains five-and-thirty figures of apostles, prophets, martyrs, saints and kings. Some of them

are broken and others decayed. The fifth of November bonfires, often occurring on wet nights, have damaged them sadly. Year by year it is less and less possible to identify them, though courageous persons have been found to give them all a name. One or two figures have been inserted in recent times. Mr. E. B. Stephens, to whose genius the Wellington Monument in St. Paul's is due, tried a not unskilful hand upon the task of replacing a sorely decayed king or two. But nothing has been done, or will be, to restore these figures as a whole, for to do that would be to take five centuries out of the impressiveness of the building.



One of the chief discoveries recorded in recent years was made at this spot. On the right side of the north of the three western entrances a stone

or two of a new colour shows where the authorities made an attempt to ascertain what lay behind this screen.

It was found that the whole screen is a beautiful veil of a massive buttress built back upon Grandisson's west front. Instead of being Grandisson's work it covers Grandisson's work. The mouldings of that earlier work were laid bare, and drawings and models carefully made. There may have been at the end of the fourteenth century some alarm like that which at Peterborough was the occasion of the insertion of a massive porch in the central arch; beautiful, no doubt, but not inserted because it was beautiful, but made beautiful because it was inserted to do its duty.

This motive was at work also at Exeter, and Grandisson's work was covered, with no disrespect to him, but because this homage, due to the Cathedral itself, was greater than that due even to its greatest builder. It may be mentioned here that long, long ago there was a movement of the roof westwards. The gable overhung the lower storeys by some inches. Successive surveyors and architects employed palliatives. It is believed that recent operations have made the west front permanently secure.

There is an interesting chapel dedicated to St. Radegund, in the thickness of the great west wall, behind the screen. Bishop Grandisson prepared his tomb there. It is sometimes argued that Grandisson lengthened the nave, and that the whole west wall

and front were built in his time. Once more a document alters the conditions of the problem and decides the point. The Dean and Chapter possess a deed conferring upon them the advowson of the living of St. Pancras at Widecombe-in-the-Moor, a parish on the southern slope of Dartmoor. In this a stipulation is made that they shall maintain a memorial service for the benefit of the soul of Roger de Thoriz, late Dean of Exeter; the date of this document is 1283. It is agreed that the service shall be held in St. Radegund's chapel.

There is a second element in the impressiveness of which notice has been taken. It is produced upon the visitor who comes up from the Palace gate, by the southern of the two Norman towers. These massive erections, though they balance each other so as to satisfy the eye from every point of view, are, as to details, and even as to magnitude, independent creations of the Norman architect who reared them. There is nothing like them in any other part of the building; there is nothing like them in any other English cathedral. They are like castles, and it is possible that some idea of defence was in the mind of their builders. They were reared in 1112, and some nervousness may still have haunted the minds of Exeter Churchmen, for, only sixty-two years before, the see was moved from Crediton to Exeter because it was considered that "a safer defence may be had there" than at Crediton. The Danes had left this panic in men's minds, for they had burnt the church



that Athelstan reared in Exeter. The apprehension of danger often lingers long after the peril has passed away.

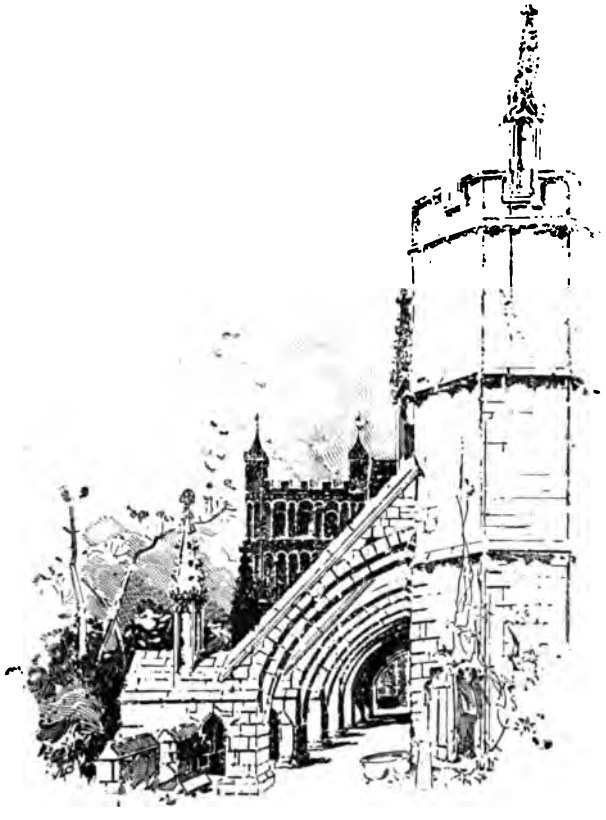
"A safer defence can be had there." The quotation is from the charter of Edward the Confessor. This document is one of the treasures of the library.

It has the names of the King, of Earl Godwin, of Earl Harold, afterwards king, who fell at Hastings, of Tostig, of the two Archbishops, of Stigand, of half-a-dozen bishops and abbots, and an equal number of nobles and thanes.

It recites in legal form the step by which the see had come to be placed at Exeter, and is full of good sense and modern feeling. The see had been at St. Germans and at Crediton, but population was sparse, and pirates had been able to devastate the churches. "It has been considered that a safer defence can be had at Exeter, and so I will that the see be there." The Pope has been consulted and he approves. So the document runs, and it is not unreasonable to think that, as defence was a motive when the see was moved to Exeter, so a haunting sense of danger may have shaped the design, and given to Exeter Cathedral its uniqueness; the strong towers that flank it north and south symbolising the refuge and strength that so lately good men had come to Exeter to find.

The northern tower is, however, usually seen first. A narrow thoroughfare, called St. Martin's Lane, once closed by a gate, leads into the close from the High Street, and offers a view in which more of the Cathedral can be seen at once than from any other spot.

As the visitor stands a few yards east of the iron gate that leads to the north porch, he is separated from the church by a stretch of green sward carefully



Flying Buttresses
from Leeds



kept, beneath which lie the dead of seven centuries. No memorial stone marks any several grave, one "harbouring shrine" hides them and guards them. The Cathedral itself gives sufficient dignity to their resting-place. At this spot its aspect is singularly calm and restful and impressive.

The eastern end of the building retreats from the spectator, and incidentally displays in helpful perspective the line of buttresses, the beautiful tracery of the windows, the projections of the chantry chapels, and finally the pinnacles and the geometrical felicities of the Lady Chapel.

There, right and left of the Norman tower, with its pointed window, cut right through the dog-toothed details of its own native adornments, stretches the work of a series of builders, covering a hundred years, whose successive labours can be distinguished only by an expert, so faithfully have they co-operated, almost as if they had lived and toiled together in mutual agreement.

Just above the battlement, at the foot of the window to which reference has just been made, and a little on one side, the mark is left upon the tower of the gable of a house, long, long ago built at right angles to the tower. That was the treasurer's house, and there, in the autumn of 1497, was lodged King Henry VII., who had been brought west by the rebellion connected with Perkin Warbeck. The rising was over, Warbeck was a prisoner, as indeed were a good many others. The impostor was reserved for other

scenes, but minor offenders were dealt with on the spot. A row of sixteen trees stood before the treasurer's house, and the autumn leaves were on them. "Eight of them were cut down that the King —from a fair window newly made—might better see the prisoners, who stood in order, bareheaded, with halters round their necks, and cried for mercy. Henry made a gracious speech and answered their prayer, 'wherewith the people made a great shout, hurled away their halters, and cried "God save the King."'"

Just fourteen years before, Richard III. had been in Exeter, and there a presentiment came to him that Shakespeare has made immortal. He asked to be shown all the sights of the city and neighbourhood.

> "The Mayor in courtesy showed me the castle,
> And called it Rougemont—at which name I started,
> Because a bard of Ireland told me once
> I should not live long after I saw Richmond."

The impressiveness with which we are dealing should have one final opportunity of stamping itself upon the memory. The Bishop's "courtesy" opens his garden to those who wish to take advantage of it, and there, at the south-east angle, or rather, standing back from the south-east angle, the Lady Chapel, the choir, and the south tower are seen together in such a blending of beautiful features as almost compels the conviction that the secret of the Cathedral will only be revealed to the inquirer



who comes to that spot to ask his questions. The ground falls away a good deal on that side, just as it rises a good deal at the west end of the building. To preserve the level, therefore, the Lady Chapel stands upon a platform, and there is a loftiness and a grace in the aspect there presented by the church, which will not soon fade from the memory of those who have, even for a short time, submitted to the control of the *genius loci*.

Everywhere in the walls of this ancient church, in

the core of the building, in the lower courses of masonry in the older parts, there are found in abundance stones squared and shaped of that red conglomerate on which Exeter itself stands. And yet it is quite certain that the Norman Cathedral was not built of it. The towers remain to bear witness that their "cliff-like" masonry—it is Mr. Ruskin's epithet—was grey, or if not grey when the pile was reared, it was possible for these stones to become grey.

This matter does not seem hitherto to have had much attention drawn to it. It is likely, however, that the church in which Leofric was enthroned by Edward the Confessor was red, as the old city walls are red, as Athelstan's Tower is red, as all the old city churches are red to this day.

But along the picturesque coast of South Devon, as the tourist, taking advantage of the steamers eastward from Exmouth or westward from Weymouth, finds, between the red sandstone of Devon and the chalk of Dorset, there run out to the sea a series of beds, of which two at least caught the eye of the Norman builders, and gave a character to the Cathedral which it has never lost since. Salcombe and Beer provided a large part of the material the Norman builders used, and when the days came that the Norman church was transformed into the thing of beauty that Quivil and Bitton and Grandisson made it, the marvel of the change owed nothing to change of material—it was out of the

same quarries that the stones of the new work came. The eye of the Norman was trained to see in a land of lighter tints than the deep red of Devonshire. The Salcombe stone, as those familiar with it know, has a bright sparkle in it, and the pure white, cretaceous Beer stone is ideally suited to the purpose of the sculptor who has thoughts of beauty and purity and saintliness in his mind.

It so happens that a recent discovery has put the aspect of the Norman church once more before our eyes. There is on the north side of the nave, at the extreme west end of it, a chapel called St. Edmund's Chapel. In an old document it is described as *supra ossilegium*. A crack in the wall above ground induced the Dean and Chapter in the spring of 1896 to order the spot to be investigated, so as to strengthen, if necessary, the foundations under the crack. A few feet below the soil the workmen came upon a considerable number of stones of Norman character; voussoirs of arches, capitals, corbels, grotesque heads, "mopings and mournings" in stone. These were all of Salcombe stone, all of twelfth-century character, and in addition to these many others were seen built into the foundation walls of the chapel. The secret was soon discovered; the Norman nave wall had been thrown down for the insertion, in the thirteenth century, of the chapel, and there the stones lay in the trench below, almost in the order in which once, in higher dignity, they had stood above ground. The chapel as it stands

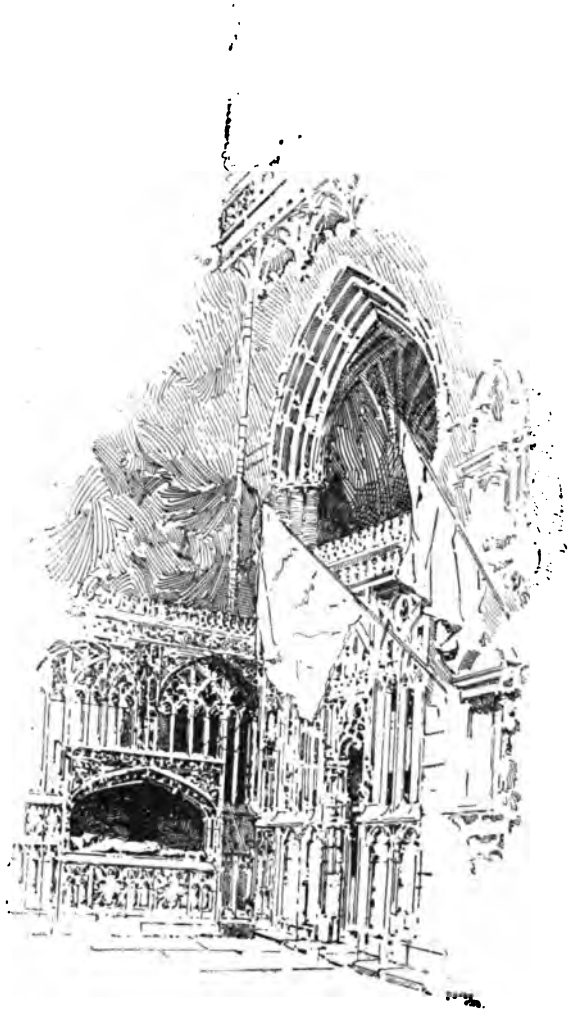
to-day is of fourteenth-century work, but it was built earlier, as is apparent upon careful examination. It was built when the new wine was working in the faculties of the thirteenth-century builders, and they toppled over the construction of their predecessors with the light heart of men not so much wanting in reverence, as feeling within them an inexhaustible fountain of new power.

So much, then, for the general character of impressiveness, which is inseparable from Exeter Cathedral viewed from the outside.

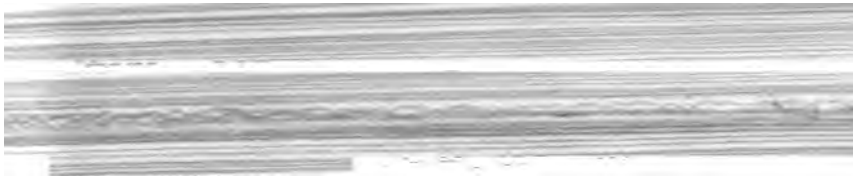
And as the note of the Cathedral outside is that of impressiveness, so inside, everywhere, in detail and in the general effect, the sense of harmony is paramount, and that harmony is not disturbed by the quasi-division of choir and nave that is effected by the organ-screen erected when the Cathedral was transformed.

John de Grandisson, that most magnificent bishop, who knew both France and England well, found the church only half finished when he came to it in 1327. He pushed on the work, grew interested in it, and wrote to his friend Pope John the Twenty-second, that if the church should be worthily completed "it would be admired for its beauty above every other of its kind within the realms of England or France."

But we are dealing with harmony rather than with beauty. The church is not only beautiful, it is har-



Sylke Chapel.



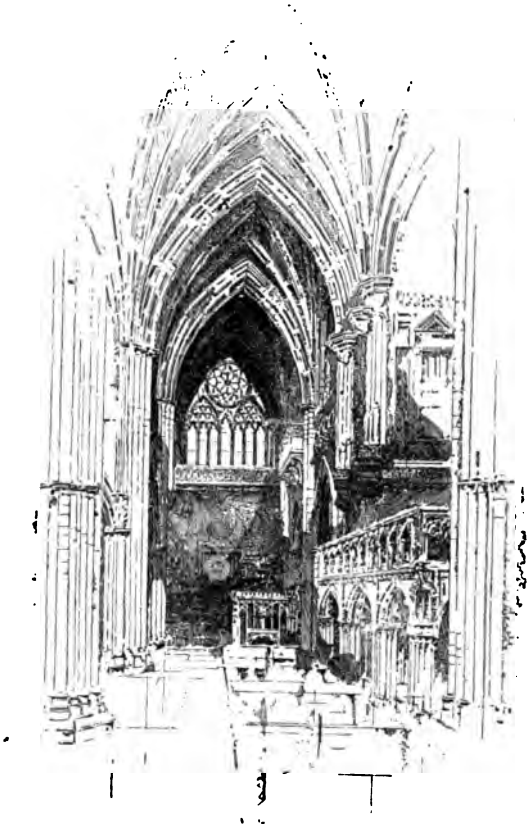
moniously beautiful. How comes this? Certainly not because the work was done at one time. It is the result of that rare deference to one superior mind, of which, now and then, we see examples, by virtue of which a man stretches out magic hands back over the past and forward into the future, till he has moulded into harmony the obedient energies of three generations of men.

Who is the man who did this for Exeter Cathedral? The answer to this question is clear and indisputable. It was Peter Quivil, Bishop of Exeter from 1280 to 1291.

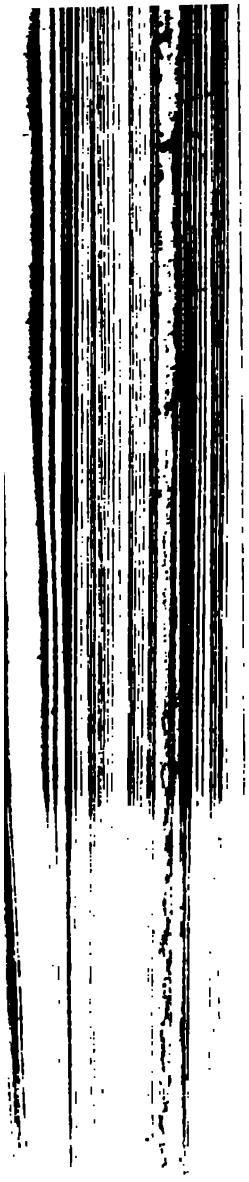
Quivil did not find the Cathedral merely what the Conqueror's nephew, William Warelwast, had left it. There had come enlargement. As originally designed, the choir was of three bays only, and the towers were simply external castles. Marshall (1194-1206) had lengthened the choir and built a Lady Chapel, and Purbeck marble had begun to appear. The consequences to Exeter Church of the arrival of Purbeck marble were momentous. Exeter is very Exeterian. There is some excuse for this powerful provinciality of temper. Quivil, as has been said, was an Exeter man. He may stand in the group of great architects as Dante saw Plato and Socrates stand with the highest and the ablest thinkers. He it was who moulded Purbeck marble into the distinctive group of shafts which makes the Exeter pillar the very type of the union of beauty and strength, and gives a kind of primacy to Exeter, even in an age of architects.

It was not an idea brought from elsewhere. Standing between the Lady Chapel and the choir, the visitor is in the cradle where Quivil rocked his ideas. There the pillar grew: the Exeter pillar of sixteen shafts was born there. The eye falls there upon a fourfold pillar, then upon an eightfold; then upon a clustered pillar of sixteen shafts. Thenceforth there is no change; that pillar is repeated everywhere and carries harmony in form and colour from one end to the other. Moving westwards to the next sphere of Quivil's operations, we do well to stand where the transepts widen out the ground floor, and give to the whole building a cruciform character.

The lofty, pointed arch adorned with Purbeck shafts, which rises from floor to roof, sustains the weight which once was carried by the inner tower wall. That window, a wheel in the middle of a wheel, piercing the Norman wall, and filling the space under its pointed apex with geometrical grace, is the triumph of the decorated order over the heavy plain massiveness of the castle idea. The winter is over and gone. Old things have passed away. Quivil is contented though to confine himself within modest bounds. All the strong fidelity of the Norman effort that can be left is left; but light is come into the world of architecture, and Quivil let it in through the Norman wall by an aperture worthy of it. Harmony is our guiding thought, so let it be noted that what Quivil did on one side of the church, he did on the other. "Bilateral symmetry" is the expression which Archdeacon



The Transept



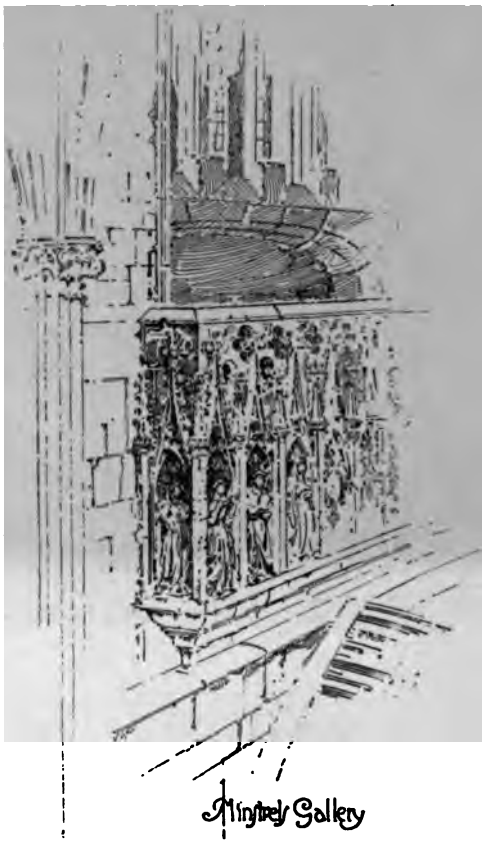
Freeman used to express the law which in this wonderful building sets everywhere one thing over against another.

And one bay of the nave Quivil left behind him. The material of pier and pillar was composed of Purbeck marble. Necessity was laid upon his successors to finish as he had begun, and when a generation had passed away, John de Grandisson came and saw and was conquered. Grandisson finished what Quivil began, and, what is more, he finished as Quivil began.

It was no slavish following of his leaders; Grandisson was too great for that. The beautiful Minstrels' Gallery, the very poetry of symbolism, proves that. Lifted, as our illustration shows, high out of ordinary reach, and protected, strange paradox, by its unecclesiastical character, there it is, each figure perfect, just as it was when the Black Prince saw it when he came home this way. Thus the harmony is complete of roof and pillar.

To turn for a moment from general impressions to details, there is a mine of historical interest, easy to be worked by the careful observer, in what Exeter Cathedral has embodied in its stones.

The corbels of the nave, the points from which the vaulting shafts spring, on the north side especially, strike upon the eye, and pass on from the eye to the mind. They are portraits, personalities, not suggestions of character, however unearthly. In the niches on either side of the Minstrels' Gallery.



are Edward III. and Queen Philippa. Blanche, Jol
of Gaunt's wife, was Grandisson's cousin. His epi
copate coincided almost throughout with the reign
Edward III. These corbels are a portrait gallery
the Plantagenets.

The greatest of the Plantagenets came to Exeter while Quivil was at his work. Edward and Eleanor spent their Christmas here in 1285. Then the "close" as a close came into existence. Then the gates were made that for centuries shut up the precincts at the sound of the curfew bell.

Edward was in Exeter again twelve years later, just as Alfred was in Exeter twice, though with a still longer interval between the two comings. The second time Edward gave larger rights within the close to the citizens, and drew tighter as well the formal as the personal bonds that made him popular. He became "Lord" of Exeter.

The Minstrels' Gallery has been already briefly referred to. This beautiful insertion into the building has quite a foreign character. Twelve winged figures, each holding an instrument of music, fill the front space and the two returns. A guitar, the bagpipes, a flageolet, a violin, a harp, two wind instruments of some kind, a trumpet, an organ, another guitar, a tambour, and the cymbals, display the powers of a fourteenth-century orchestra. Grandisson was consecrated at Avignon, and his residence there may have furnished him with some of the suggestions here carried out.

This gallery is said in the guide-books to have been erected in honour of the Black Prince when he came back from his wars bringing with him King John of France as his prisoner.

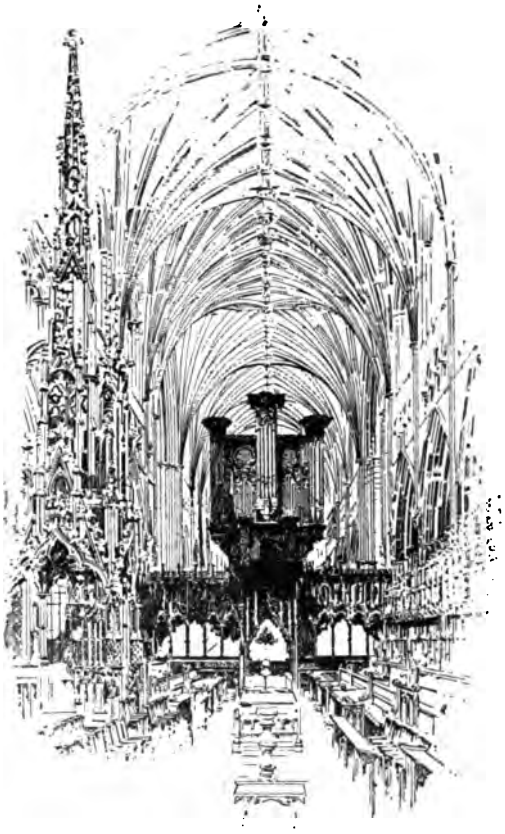
It seems almost disloyal to cast doubt upon this

story, but as at Canterbury it is claimed, on the authority of Froissart, that the Prince and his prisoners landed at Sandwich and came to Canterbury, it is plain that the Minstrels' Gallery may have had a less illustrious motive. Dean Stanley, however, finds discrepancies in the Canterbury version of the visit, and gives the story in what he calls the "usual" form.

Of the windows, it must be said that throughout the church they are rich and beautiful. With the one exception of the great east window, "Decorated" is written upon tracery and mouldings, and each window has its fellow on the other side of the church. Of the glass in these windows there will be something to say presently.

No visitor to Exeter Cathedral of any sensibility to beauty will have been in it five minutes before he lifts his eyes to the roof. It is the high-water mark in England of vaulting. The great minster at Lincoln, the yet more dignified fane at Canterbury, are inferior in this respect to their smaller sister at Exeter. The towers being outside the church, there is no lantern or central tower to cut the roof in two, so that for three hundred feet there stretches from west to east a vault which spreads its fans, overarching the worshippers, as if it embodied the guardian spirits of the place. These fans are keyed together by massive bosses, some quaint, some simple, but all expressive of devout ideas.

Between Quivil and Grandisson came two eminent





bishops, one of them eminent for what he suffered as well as for what he did.

One was Bitton, under whom the vaulting of the roof was carried out, and the transformation of the choir. The other was Stapledon, Edward II.'s treasurer, who was lawlessly beheaded by a London mob, and flung headless into the ditch. Much of the splendour which he gave to the Cathedral was due to the fittings which he provided. They have long ago perished, but two things remain, one in wood, the other in stone, both alive with artistic feeling: the soaring canopy, under which the bishop has his seat, and the triple sedilia within the rails of the sacrarium, where in sermon time the officiating clergy have theirs.

Bitton was a Somersetshire man; his name is linked with Wells. The Bitton family in both counties had a full share of good things, but they appear to have deserved them. Bitton followed Quivil, and worthily followed him. The vaulting of the roof is one of the glories of the Cathedral. The choir was vaulted first. Bitton did it. It follows that the beautiful flying buttresses which are the arms that hold up the vaulted roof are his also. There is no evidence like that of contemporaneous documents. Exeter possesses a series of "fabric rolls," far from complete indeed, but as far as they go decisive of matters with which they have to do.

They establish Bitton's claim to be the transformer of the choir. Quivil had shown the way

and, at two points, had left his mark, never to be blotted out or even obscured. The Lady Chapel and the central transept displayed his ideas. Bitton carried them out in the intervening choir, and so joined Quivil's work at one end of the choir with his work at the other; the harmony of the whole eastern end of the church was, when he died, complete. Only the nave, west of the first bay, was left for Grandisson to do.

To the deciphering of the fabric rolls it is due that the bishop's throne is assigned to its true date. For a series of years guide-books, diocesan calendars, everybody of light and leading, ascribed this structure to Bishop Bothe. The experts were wrong—wrong by more than a century and a half. They put it not too early, but too late. The fabric rolls enable us to assign this throne, on which in splendid isolation the bishop sits, to Stapledon. The throne is of oak; it is possible to point with high probability to the two parishes from which the oak came, and almost to the woods in which it grew. It is possible to say exactly what was paid for the work and timber; it was under thirteen pounds. When the value of money had been thought of, and the proper calculation made, the wonder is not altogether got rid of. There is not a nail in this canopied seat, though it rises more than sixty feet from the floor. It has more than once been taken to pieces. Once in the days of the Civil Wars, by the care of a son of good Bishop Hall, when it was hidden away;